THE BEE
WASHINGTON

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Congressional Library

MAKING A SUCCESS

Remarkable Work In New York

UPLIFT OF COLORED GIRLS

GRACE CAMPBELL, SUCCESSFUL PROBATION APPOINTEE DECLARES GIRLS' DEVELOPMENT AND RECLAMATION IS IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT MENTAL TRAINING.

WHITE OR BLACK, ALL ARE HUMAN

BY VIOLA JUSTIN

From The Evening Mail, New York, July 25.

Grace Campbell is her name, and at the Criminal Court building she is known as one of the most successful probation officers. She is the first and only one of her race, and she has attracted a great deal of attention by her work in the Tombs.

Miss Campbell is doing fine work here, and there isn't anyone who will not respond to her sympathy. She is an ideal disciplinarian.

This is Probation Officer D. E. Kimball's tribute to his feminine coworker:

When I saw Miss Campbell at the National League for the Protection of Colored Women she explained how she had been drawn to the work thru her interest in kindergarten teaching in Chicago and Washington.

Like her father and mother, Miss Campbell was a graduate of theHoward University, at Washington. Her father is a minister and was born in British West Indies. Her mother was a Washington woman. Miss Campbell has large, soft, brown eyes and a quantity of black hair. It is her eyes that make the most eloquent appeal, although her soft, well-modulated voice is almost as persuasive.

"Do you think there is any difference in the attitude of the colored girl and the white girl when you appeal to them to reform?" I inquired.

Human Nature Alike in All

"No," she replied. "I think human nature is the same, no matter what the color of the skin. I consider that mental deficiency is one of the greatest causes of crime in all races. I believe that there ought to be schools for the mentally deficient, where the nature of the defect might be studied, as well as the possibility of educating the delinquents in some work that would appeal to them and thus make useful citizens of them, instead of treating them as criminals and exposing them to further temptation in institutions.

"The most stubborn cases, I find, respond to sympathy and the proper kind of discicpline. Investigation shows that the colored girl is very often a victim of an employment agent who has lured her from her Southern home with promises of plenty of work. The girl, flattered by these assurances, leaves her home with little or no money, few clothes, and absolutely destitute of experience. She reaches the big city penniless, and has no place to go. Of course the lure of the North for Southern colored woman is just the same for the Southern white woman who hopes to obtain employment here.

The League's Protecting Hand.

"But where there is protection for the white girl there is not so much for the Negro. The National League for the Protection of Colored Women first of all tries to prevent the colored woman from coming North, but then if she has made a mistake and arrived here we try to find a place for her as soon as we possibly can. My work at the docks puts me in touch with many of these girls, for I am not at the court the whole day.

"I know that the temptations of these innocent colored girls from the rural districts are great. The lost address to a friend or a decent lodging house is one source of a girl's downfall. She must be properly sheltered the first night she arrives in the city, or perhaps an agent, seeking girls for purposes of which the victims are ignorant, come into possession of them and then follows the life of misery and disgrace.

"The girls who find their way to the night courts are often victims of these spurious employment agents. If they can only be reached in time a few words will put them on the right road. We find proper lodgings for them and legitimate work is supplied by the League, which has associations in Philadelphia, New York Memphis and Baltimore. The same good work is done in these other cities.

"The majority of people forget that the colored race is not naturally vicious or shiftless, but that lack of proper training and the fact that they have been so long oppressed militates against their development.

THE CORREY GIRL.

(By Isaiah Mitchell, Sr., of Denver, Colorado.)

Editor of The Bee:

I am responsible for whatever I write. In your issue of July 15, regarding the Juvenile Court sending the Correy girl to the Home for the Homeless, instead of the Reform School, where all girls are sent for mild offenses, you inquired, "What does it mean?"

Your query moved the Associated Charities here to seek a place elsewhere for her, as it appeared in the Star Sunday, the 16th instant. In The Bee of the 22d instant appeared an answer to "What does it mean?" The Bee observed that the judge of that court said, if the girl was colored, "he would have known what to do with her."

Can any sane person, having any knowledge of human nature, doubt the meaning of such an expression from the judge of that Court? It is in keeping with the spirit and political atmosphere that emanate from the White House; that sentiment is reflected in every branch of this government. The President has announced a new doctrine toward colored American citizens. The subordinates of this administration, from the highest to the lowest, have iherited that spirit and are putting it into execution.

The President said recently "the Negro must be treated as a distinct race."

We have been fighting race discrimination in the courts, the exclusion of colored citizens and taxpayers from office under the local government, and the segregation of colored clerks in the departments of the national government. Everyone now know your devotion to the colored American race. They all know you stand for right and justice. You have pointed out the trend of the political atmosphere of this administration. I am justified in asking you Has not the unusual action toward us, as American citizens, caused you to grasp the situation here yet?

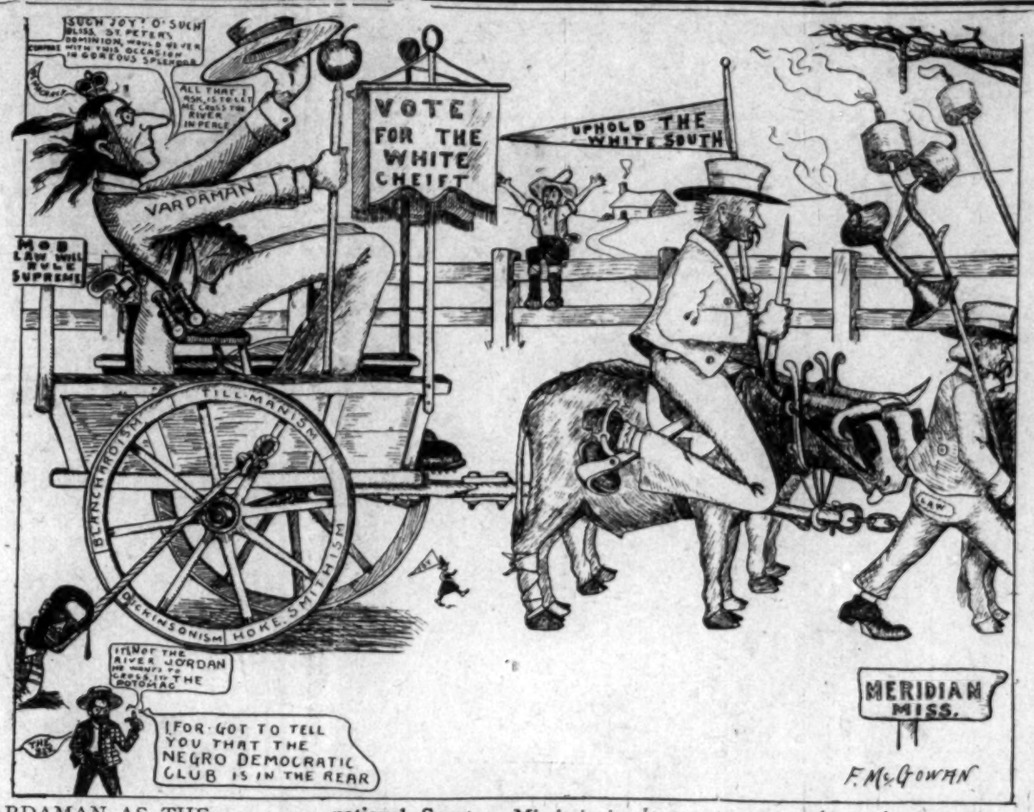
Reflect back thirty-nine years ago, after Reconstruction days, what the political atmosphere was then, reflected from the White House toward us as American citizens?

Our first diplomat was appointed to Haiti. Senator Hamlin, of Maine, said: "Mr. President, it is too soon to be appointing colored men to these high positions." The President replied: "I tried the colored troops at Deep Bottom, Petersburg and elsewhere; they proved themselves good and brave soldiers. Mr. Bassett is an educator and scholar, and will make a good minister."

Now, that is all we ask of any President, be he Republican or Democrat: take us upon our merits, as he does all other American citizens. We don't care about the goodness of his heart toward us; we ask that he obey his oath of office taken to God, and the American people.

"From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

In transmitting his message to the Senate, on the 28th ult., upon the Alaskan land controversy, the President said he was alone responsible for his acts. In that affair he acted under a United States statute. How much more is he responsible for the lives of American citizens slain because of his non-action in executing the Constitution and laws of the country.


VOTE FOR THE WHITE CHEIFT
UPHOLD THE WHITE SOUTH
VARDAMAN
MOB LAW WILL RULE SUPREME
TILLMANISM
BLEASEISM
DICKINSONISM
HOKE SMITHISM
I'LL NOT THE RIVER JORDAN THE WANTS TO CROSS IS THE POTOMAC
I FOR GOT TO TELL YOU THAT THE NEGRO DEMOCRATIC CLUB IS IN THE REAR
MERIDIAN MISS.
F. McGOWAN

VARDAMAN AS THE "WHITE CHIEF"

Those who lament the passing of the picturesque from our political life should take a trip to the sunny Southland — where, according to the thermometer, it has not been so hot of late as in the North— and see how ex-Governor Vardaman is conducting his campaign for election to the national Senate. Mississippi voters are being thrilled by the appearances of the "white chief," as his supporters term him, to such an extent that riots, in which fists and revolvers have been freely used, have occurred.

The "White Chief" appeared in Meridian in a chariot drawn by 160 white oxen. At each animal's head walked a white torch bearer. White streamers above the oxen bore the legend: "Vote for the White Chief and Uphold the White South." On the back of each ox twas a white man clad in white. The candidate, in spotless white linen, waved a big white hat at the crowd, his long hair falling to his shoulders or streaming to the breezes that blew over shouting, frenzied men and women eager to press his hand.

An authorized delegation recently called on the President to have Congress take action upon the murder and lynching of colored citizens. He informed them that he had no authority to interfere; that it belonged entirely to the States!

Has he protested against those almost unspeakable crimes, that are so barbarous that words cannot be discovered in the English language sufficiently strong to denounce them?

If his heart was really good toward his colored fellow citizens he has had sufficient time to show it since October 28, 1910, when three of God's noblemen knocked out Maryland's election law grandfathers' clause in the United States Court of Appeals before Judge Morris. The Court declared that the law violated the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the United States Constitution; he also fined the election officers under the United States statutes. Maryland appealed the case to the Supreme Court.

The President can have any case advanced and disposed of before that court. The case has been before the court over eight months before it adjourned. While pending the recess of the court the President can ask an opinion of the Attorney General upon any or all of these disfranchising constitutions and disqualifying statutes of the Southern States; such an opinion would stop the carnival of death until the Supreme Court meets again.

Keep up your fight; the powers will feel its effect and by united action of all of our people it will be impossible to keep the colored American citizens down.

1823 Vermont Ave N.W.,
Washington, D. C., July 29, 1911.

THE HOWARD.

The Howard Theatre opens for one week Monday, August 7, with "The Smart Set" in a new three-act musical comedy, "The Mayor of New Town." The piece is one that will command much attention this season, as it is one of the cleverest musical introductions ever produced. Salem Tutt Whitney, for whom the piece was written, has been surrounded by a company of the leading colored artists of the country, and will be seen at his best in the new play. The three acts have been crowded with musical numbers and there are twenty-one big, new, novel, catchy songs introduced during the action of the three acts. The music being arranged by Mr. Trevor Corwell is a guarantee of its class and whistling order. There will be a new introduction in the way of a double chorus consisting of thirty-two pretty and talented young ladies, whose singing and dancing will excel anything ever before presented in this city. The singing contingency is warranted, as there will be a corps of voices that will surpass all previous efforts in this line. The staging of the piece is elaborate in detail, the scenery being designed and constructed by Landeur & Co., of New York. The costuming is gorgeous and in keeping with the surroundings. The company of forty-eight people takes the road at the end of the Howard engagement and will play only the principal cities of the country this season, going direct from here to Cincinnati. The house will reopen August 28, when "The Missouri Girl" will be the offering. The following attractions are booked to appear there the coming season: "Paid in Full," "Northern Lights," "The Thief," "The Smart Set," with S. H. Dudley and Aida Overton Walker; "The Holy City," "Lion and the Mouse," "Rosland at Red Gate," "Road to Yesterday," "The Light That Shone," "Hello, Bill," "Down in Dixie Minstrels," "The Man Who Dared," "Dandy Dixie Minstrels," "A Royal Coon," "Lena Rivers," "Black Patti," and many other high-class attractions, the date of which will be announced from time to time. It is safe to say that Howard patrons will have plenty and of the best attractions this year.

A RISING MAN.

Rev. J. A. Barton, a Baptist minister, a graduate of Howard University, is one of the quiet, humble, unostentatious young ministers of the Gospel who is fast rising into prominence. Employed by day in the Interior Department, he pursued his studies in the University, and not only completed the course, but kept up his post-graduate studies, and now is one of the foremost young preachers in the Baptist Church. To our young friend who has devoted his life to the Gospel ministry, and has come up through much tribulation, we are glad to extend the right hand of fellowship and wish him Godspeed in his noble work. You will all hear more of Brother Boston, one of our rising young men.

CONCERT COMPANY.

Moore's original concert company gave one of the grandest entertainments on the 28th ult. ever held in the Second Baptist Church, commencing at 9.30 p.m., and closing at 10.45. It was a pleasure and laughter from start to finish; everyone who witnessed the performance commends the company, composed of Rev. L. C. Moore; his accomplished wife, and Miss Edith Green, their adopted daughter, of the High School of this city.

This company is a credit to the race, and is without an equal. The company will soon be incorporated.

RECORDER RETURNS.

Recorder Henry Lincoln Johnson, who went to Philadelphia, Pa., to take part in the imposing ceremonies of the Supreme Court of Odd Fellows, returned to the city Monday highly pleased. In speaking to a representative of The Bee he said,among other things, that the threatened dissolution of the Louisiana Odd Fellows has been satisfactorily settled. The exercises were imposing and interesting.

MASONIC NOTES.

The Lady Chapters and Courts have taken recess until September, owing to the very warm weather.

There are about one thousand ladies in the Eastern Star Order in the District of Columbia, and one chapter in West Virginia.

A. A. O. N. M. S.

Ill. Bogges, potentate of Mecca Temple, is gathering up a large number of the Sons of the Desert, who will cross the hot sands about August 15 and will seek shelter under the Dome. The caravan will leave this city on Monday (Labor Day), September 4, with the camels from Mecca Temple and Jerusalem, with plenty of friends. Round trip, $8.00, tickets good for 15 days. Eureka and Widow's Son Lodges worked the second degree upon a batch of candidates uring the past two weeks. Felix Lodge will receive her friends August 16 at Hurley's Park. Remember the grand committee for 1912: Bros. John Wade, J. F. Turner and Simon Burnett and the president of the International Congress of Knights Templar for 1914, should go to Ohio or Illinois, where the Congress goes.

"Cricy."

McGAINS APPOINTED.

Rev. George H. McGains, sometimes a Democrat and more often a Republican, was appointed to a laborer's place on the recommendation of Rev. L. M. Moore in the House of Representatives this week. The place pays seventy dollars per month.

NOTICE.

Mr. James F. Armstrong, who is the authorized representative of The Bee, will receive all news matter and advertisements for publication from the citizens of this section of the city.

PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

Important News Happenings of the Week

DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTEREST

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

Tuskegee Institute is to receive a gift of a hospital to be known as the John A. Andrew Hospital, after the late Governor Andrew. The givers of the hospital do not wish their names to be made public.

Anna R. Southwick, in her will, bequeathed $500 to the home for aged colored women in Massachusetts and $100 each to the two nurses who had taken care of her.

Miss Sarah Wilkes, of Nantucket, Mass., won a scholarship for the Boston University for 1911. This is the second successive scholarship won by Miss Wilkes. She is the only colored female student at the University.

Last year there were 12,000 dog tags issued, while this year only about one-third of that number are out. There are at present 4,615 dog licenses issued, while according to the recent census there are 15,000 dogs in the District.

According to an exchange, 268 persons were killed by the heat during the recent hot spell, 159 in Philadelphia, and 319 in New England.

The War Department has sent to Congress a request for $250,000 in addition to the $500,00, already appropriated to continue the work of raising the Maine in Havana harbor.

Purser Thomas Kinsey, who for many years has been in the service of the American Line, declares he has made one thousand trips across the Atlantic Ocean, a total distance of 3,000,000 miles.

Hookworm dispensaries in several counties in Georgia during the past month have met with unusual success, and a request has been made of the Rockefeller Hookworm Commission to allow the dispensaries to remain longer. Last week 1,285 cases were treated in the four counties in North Carolina.

Oklahoma City is to erect a State Capitol, which will cost $1,000,000.

The first railroad in the United States was put into operation at Quincy, Mass., October 26, 1826, to transport granite three miles to tidewater.

A large company of young ladies from New York are in Windsor Locks, Conn., living in tents on a tobacco plantation, which they claim is a marvelous complexion cure. The atmosphere of growing tobacco is said to clear the face of many imperfections.

Senator Robert L. Taylor, of Tennessee, or "Fiddlin' Bob," as his neighbors call him, was sixty-one years old July 31. He celebrated it by attending the session of the Senate.

George W. L. Smith, seventy-two years old, the second oldest postmaster in the country in point of service, died last Saturday at Glen Falls. He was appointed during Buchanan's administration, as assistant postmaster, and in 1861 was appointed postmaster.

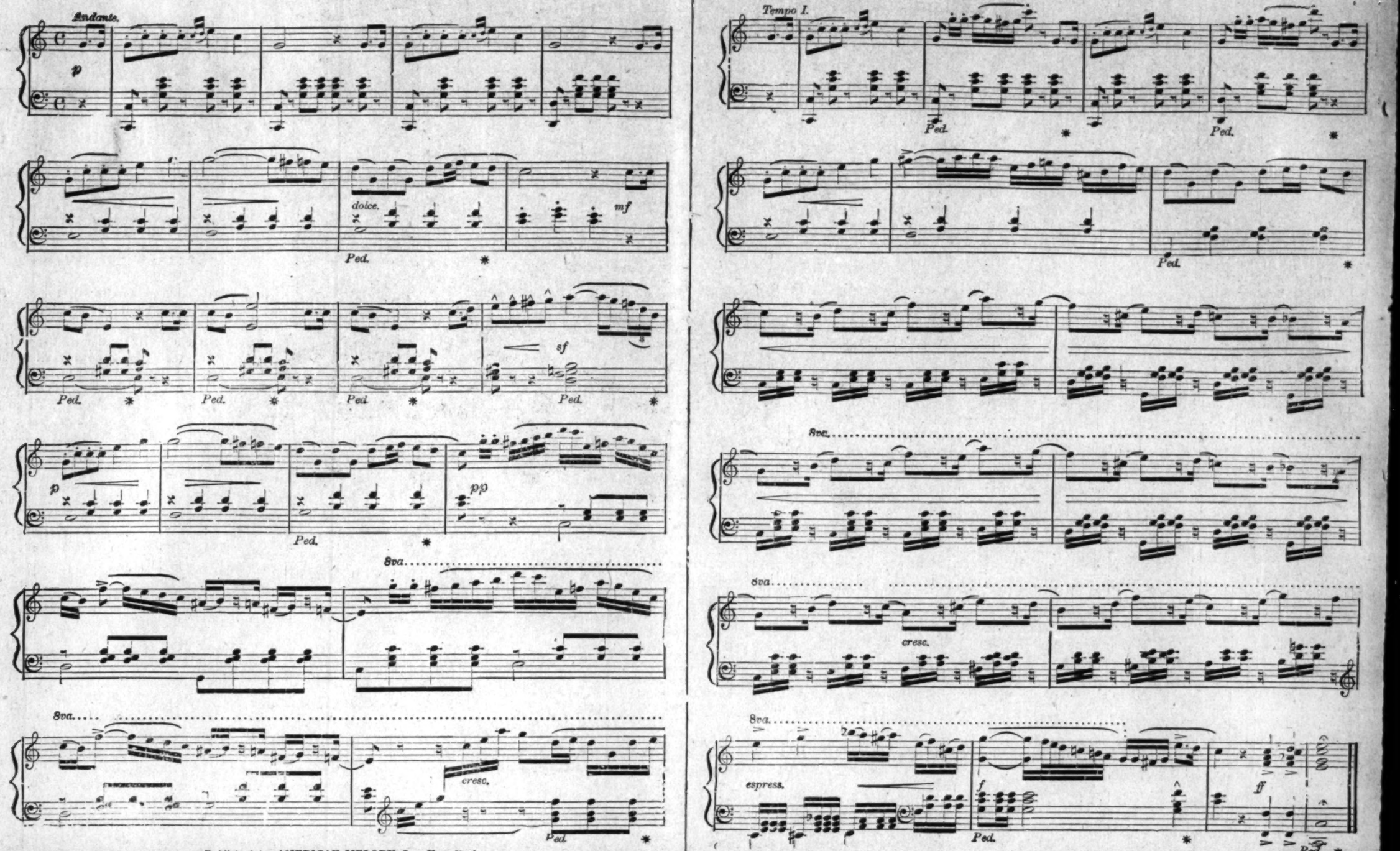
More men were killed at Gettysburg than in any other battle of the Civil War. Three thousand and seventy Union soldiers fell, and 2,592 Confederates, a total of 5,662. Those who died of wounds are not included.

July is noted for its many historic events, and especially the 27th. In 1901 the battleship Maine was launched at Philadelphia to replace the battleship which is now being raised in Havana Harbor. It is also the anniversary of outbreak of war between Japan and China, which began in 1894, and of a revolutionary outbreak in Paris in 1830. On the same date in 1757 Franklin reached London as colonial agent.

William Filtz, nine years of age, died of heart trouble last week. He weighed 650 pounds. He was connected with a show in Baltimore.

RIGOLETTO

(BELLA FIGLIA)

Sung by Mme. Melba at Manhattan Opera House, New York

Published by AMERICAN MELODY Co., New York.

Rigoletto. 2 pp—3d p

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I. Small Armentrout & Son

W. B. Reduso CORSETS

THE W. B. Reduso Corset brings well-developed figures into graceful, slender lines. It reduces the hips and abdomen from one to five inches.

Simple in construction, the Reduso—unhampered by straps or cumbersome attachments of any sort, transforms the figure completely.

Fabrics are staunch woven, durable materials, designed to meet the demand of strain and long wear. There are several styles to suit the requirements of all stout figures.

Style 770 (*as pictured*) medium high bust, long over hips and abdomen. Made of durable coutil or batiste, with lace and ribbon trimming. Three pairs hose supporters. Sizes 19 to 36. Price **$3.00.**

Other REDUSO models **$3.00** per pair upwards to **$10.00.**

W. B. Nuform and **Erect Form** Corsets—in a series of perfect models, for all figures, **$1.00** upwards to **$5.00** per pair.

Sold at all stores, everywhere.

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Ingenious men are continually contriving new kinds of shoes, new suspenders and hundreds of different kinds of braces, but so far, says the Therapeutic Gazette, no one has taken up the idea of making a hat which will hold on the head and not blow off and at the same time not bind the head all around like a constricting band.

Some men go without hats at times with the idea that the hair is improved by ventilation and sunshine. Undoubtedly this does improve it, but the prime secret is not in not wearing the hat at all. The ventilated hat will not prevent baldness if this same hat be worn tightly around the head. If a string be tied ever so lightly around the finger the effect upon the circulation may be easily marked in the end of that finger. A tight hat will affect the circulation of the scalp in the same way.

Hats which are easily blown off should never be worn, as they will not stay on unless jammed so tightly upon the head as to impede circulation. All stiff, rigid hats should be very light, and one should select a size larger than the head measurement and correct the over size by inserting felt strips under the sweat band, thus giving a cushion-like effect and preventing the constriction at that portion of the scalp.

FIRST POST HOUSES.

Established by Cyrus, the Founder of the Persian Empire.

The first posts are said to have originated in the regular couriers established by Cyrus the Great about 550 B. C., who erected post houses throughout the kingdom of Persia. Augustus was the first to introduce this institution among the Romans, 31 B. C., and he was imitated by Charlemagne about 800 A. D. Louis XI. was the first sovereign to establish post houses in France, owing to his eagerness for news, and they were also the first institution of this nature in Europe. This was in 1470, or about 2,000 years after they were started in Persia.

In England in the reign of Edward IV. (1481) riders on post horses went stages of the distance of twenty miles from each other in order to procure the king the earliest intelligence of the events that passed in the course of the war that had arisen with the Scots. A proclamation was issued by Charles I. in 1631 that, "whereas to this time there hath been no certain intercourse between the kingdoms of England and Scotland, the king now commands his postmaster of England for foreign parts to settle a running post or two between Edinburgh and London to go thither and come back again in six days."

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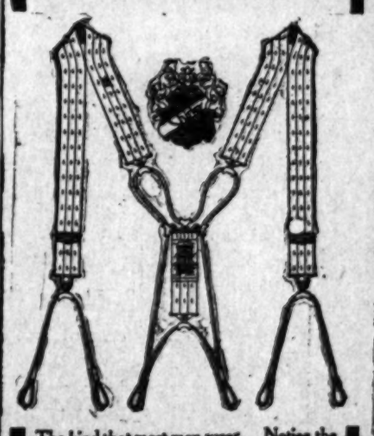

The kind that most men wear. Notice the cord back and the front ends. They slide in frictionless tubes and move as you move. You will quickly see why Shirley President Suspenders are comfortable and economical for the working man or business man.

Light, Medium or Extra Heavy Weights —Extra Lengths for Tall Men.

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Signed Guarantee on every pair

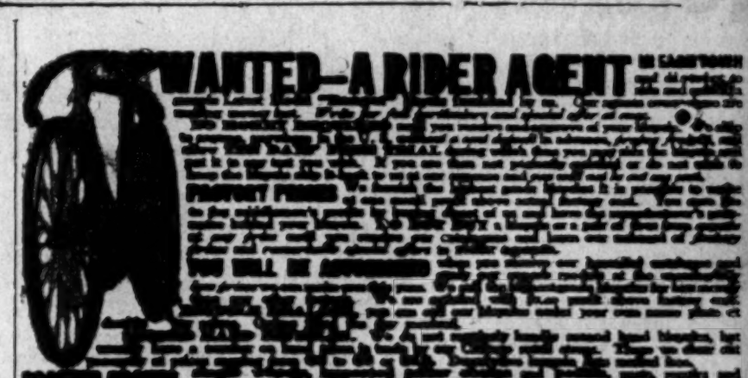
THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.

333 MAIN STREET, SHIRLEY, MASS.

Former Vice-President Charles W. Fairbanks, in an address before Christian Endeavorers in Atlantic City, said: "When I arrived here I would never have known it was Sunday save looking at the calendar. The conditions were shameful, worse than in many European cities." The applause was scattered.

The violent wind and hail storm which swept Lee County, Ala., caused damages estimated at $150,000, and practically every vestige of growing crops was destroyed.

John P. Jones, the noted Welsh composer and vocalist, died in Chicago last week at the age of 88 years. He died while singing one of his favorite hymns.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A BLIGHT

By ELIZABETH WEED

Edith Wilton combined two marked contradictions. She possessed a lovable disposition, but when she was a baby, through the carelessness of a nurse, she fell and cut her lip, producing a wound that in healing left a scar, giving a very disagreeable expression to her face.

Edith could see in the faces of those she met a repugnance occasioned by her expression. At first she tried to obviate this effect by smiling, but she saw at once by the further recoil of the one looking at her that she was only heightening the disagreeable impression. Such physical blights usually have one of two effects, either the blighted person is unconscious of the defect or becomes painfully sensitive concerning it. Edith was of the latter class. She would not go to the social gatherings of her own age. More and more she shrank within herself. Then, becoming conscious that in being a recluse she would be forced into a life of selfishness, she began to devote herself to the poor.

She had friends, girl friends, who sought to draw her out socially. Confidence between young girls is close, while that between opposite sexes, especially at that age, is distant. The young men who met Edith looked upon the expression on her face and turned away with a shrug. Her girl friends had a better opportunity to learn what there was under the misleading expression. When one of her chums was married she insisted on Edith being her bridesmaid. Edith demurred, but her friend would not excuse her.

At the wedding the bridesmaid, looking up suddenly, saw the eyes of a young man she had never seen riveted upon her and without that repelled expression she was accustomed to see. The man was a recent graduate of a medical school. The reason why his face did not reflect any disagreeable expression at her defect was because, being a practitioner, he was used to controlling his features when treating his patients.

But Edith did not know this. She knew only that a man with a kindly face was looking at her without any reference to her defect. And when Dr. Allan Emerson requested an introduction and was presented to her her heart fairly bounded within her. Not for an instant while he chatted with her did he seem conscious of her blight. And she, being made to feel that it was inconsequential, rose above it so far as to display the real attractiveness and worth that were in her.

And yet the reason of the young doctor's desire to make her acquaintance was that very defect. He had been observing her before she had noticed him and with a professional eye had been watching the effect of her scar upon the various expressions that flitted across her face. Some physicians, rough in manner, though they may be invaluable helpers to the afflicted, would not have scrupled to betray the real object of their interest. Emerson was of a different kind. He not only concealed his own thoughts for professional reasons, but from an innate sense of delicacy.

Whatever be the exact analysis of his feelings, the act produced a marked impression upon Edith Wilton. A man whose personnel, whose bearing, was far above the average had not only failed to show any repugnance at her defect, but had asked to be introduced to her and chatted with her, displaying unusual interest in her without seeming to be conscious that there was any difference between her and other girls, unless to her advantage. But when he asked her if he might not call upon her the cup of her delight was full.

A few months after the meeting Dr. Emerson asked Edith to be his wife. When she had accepted him he mentioned for the first time her defect, letting her know that he believed he could remove at least its effects.

"Why," said Edith, "didn't you remove it before proposing to me?"

"Because, sweetheart," he replied, "these stupid men who have been passing you by would have learned of your real worth, and the field would have been full of rivals."

There was more in her eyes than in her words when she replied, "You know very well that none of them were to be feared by you."

But Edith dreaded lest in case an operation were not successful her lover might find himself tied through life to a blighted woman and unhappiness for both would result. She therefore insisted on having the operation performed and if the trouble were removed the marriage to take place afterward. Dr. Emerson demurred to this, saying that whether the operation were or were not a success he would not give her up. Both stood firmly on the ground that they had taken, but the man, since the result would be the same to him in any event, finally yielded.

The operation was merely a matter of delicate handling, its only object being to produce a certain result of facial expression. Dr. Emerson performed it himself, covering the wound he made with a piece of skin from the arm of another person. When the whole had healed and the bandages were removed, though the scar remained, the expression on the face had entirely changed.

Dr. Emerson is facetious in his remarks upon how he kept rivals from the girl he wanted and whom as his wife he considers a treasure.

A Ring at The Doorbell

By LOUISE IDA ROSS

Mr. and Mrs. Trevor were sitting one October evening before a blazing wood fire—they had not yet lighted the furnace—and the room was aglow and redolent with the pleasant odor of burning wood. The children had been romping, Mr. Trevor carrying Bennie pigaback and Willie on all fours, but their mother had now taken them all, including the girls, up to bed, tucked them in, kissed them good night and had returned with her sewing, which she was doing by the big lamp on the table, while Mr. Trevor read a magazine.

There was a ring at the bell.

Now, for many years there was something in the ring of his doorbell that cast a sober look over Samuel Trevor's face. But to explain the reason for this it is necessary to go back to the time when he was a very young man.

When he was but eighteen his father, who was a lumber merchant, sent his son to a lumber camp that he might learn the business which would one day be his, from the beginning. There is danger to all persons of that age of inexperience and recklessness that they may make a mesalliance, and on that account it is a bad plan to take them away from young girls of their own social circle and place them among their inferiors. And where would a young man of refinement find people more his inferiors than in a lumber camp? Among the girls there was Madge Hopkins, the daughter of a lumberman, several years older than Trevor, who lured him into indiscretions with her, then threatened him with vengeance if he refused to marry her. He did so, but immediately left the camp.

An effort was made to annul the marriage, but it was unsuccessful. Then the woman offered to refrain from troubling her husband if his father would support her. Remittances were sent regularly for a season, when suddenly a newspaper was received containing a notice of her death. No doubt was felt of the truth of the notice when several years had passed and, no remittances having been sent, no demand was made for them.

Twelve years after the conclusion of this episode Samuel Trevor married Agatha Beach. He told her all about it before being engaged to her, not expressing a doubt that his first wife was dead. "You may be sure of that," said Agatha, "or she would be drawing the lifeblood out of you." Nevertheless Trevor, having had nothing but the death notice to prove to him Madge Hopkins' demise, never felt absolutely sure. And that was the reason why a certain dread was connected with the ringing of his doorbell.

A maid in a neat uniform of black and white went to the door, and the wife and husband heard a woman's coarse voice ask for Mr. Trevor. Then, without waiting to be announced, the caller brushed past the maid and into the sitting room.

"Hello, Sam!" she said.

Trevor put his hands to his face and trembled. It was Madge Hopkins, and, judging from her appearance, she had been growing coarser with every year.

Mrs. Trevor ran to her husband and put her arms about him as if to shield him from the blow.

"Y' needn't be afraid o' me," said the woman, "if you'll give me somethin' to live on."

"Why did I receive that notice of your death?" faltered Trevor.

"I ain't got nothin' to do with that. I ain't got nothin' to live on. Send them remittances that was dropped and I'll let y' alone."

"Mamma!" cried the oldest daughter, a girl of ten, from above. "What's the matter?"

"Leave your address and go," said Trevor, eager to get the woman out of the house before the children should learn who she was.

The address was given, and the woman went away. Then after a silence Mr. Trevor said:

"Don't worry on my account, dearie. My position is not pleasant, but what is it compared with the interest of you and the children? Be comforted. We will keep the secret. Send the remittances regularly and no one will be the wiser."

But Mrs. Trevor had no intention of letting the matter rest where it was. A shrewd woman, she believed that there had been some weak spot in Madge Hopkins' record which was accountable for the spurious death notice and the failure to claim the remittances.

It was but a week after this, when Trevor came home one evening from business, that his wife received him with a radiant countenance that boded good news. Taking him to a room where the children would not hear and closing the door, she said:

"It's all right. I put a detective on her track, and he has been here this afternoon to report. The woman has never been Madge Hopkins since you have known her. She was secretly married before you met her to a lumber shover—whatever that is—and, he drifting away, she took you in. But after you left he returned and claimed her. She lived with him; but, fearing if you appeared in their lives she would be tried for bigamy, she sent you the notice of her death, which she had inserted in a paper for the purpose, and gave up the remittances. Her husband has recently died, and she came back on you for support."

Feeling a Part

By REGINALD D. HAVEN

"I never did but one good act in my life," said the old counterfeiter. "There wasn't much credit in it to me, but it was productive of a lot of happiness to others. It occurred many years ago, and as I am now a very old man and have a very long, troubled life to look back upon, including several terms in the penitentiary, it stands out from the rest of my acts in odd contrast.

"It was in the summer of 1859 that several of us got together in a northern city and manufactured a number of twenty dollar counterfeit bills. As soon as we had finished the job we destroyed the outfit, divided the bills and started for different parts of the country to put them out on the public, my section being the south. Boarding one of the crack steamers of that day, I started for New Orleans. In order the better to impose on people I dressed myself in ministerial black and wore a white cravat. I had been an actor and could personate a clergyman, or any one else, for that matter, to perfection.

"The main cabin of the steamers running on the Mississippi river in those days, when the table was not set for meals, was occupied principally for gambling. Poker, seven-up, euchre and other games were played, though the parties playing were not large and often two persons only occupied a table. I was sitting on the guards one day when a negro came out of the cabin, wringing his hands.

"'What's the matter, boy?' I asked.

"'Mars' done gone lose me to a niggah trader. Ma wife an' pickaninnies won't nebber see me no mo'.'

"I found that his master, a planter, had taken him to Cairo as his body servant, was returning, had lost all the money he had with him at cards, staked his darky and lost him too. I went into the cabin, where the planter and the trader were settling up, the planter being at the moment occupied in making out a bill of sale for the slave.

"'I beg your pardon, sir,' I said to the planter. 'On account of my vocation I am opposed, of course, to gambling in any form, but I dislike exceedingly the separation of families. I understand that you have lost your negro. I would be pleased to lend you the money to win him back.'

"The gentleman accepted the offer. I brought out some new, crisp bills, just from the press, and the game started anew. It was euchre. I soon saw that the gambler could go on winning from the trader all day if he liked, for the former was perpetrating one of the commonest tricks on him—that is, 'turning jack.' In other words, when he dealt he would always turn up a knave for himself. Seeing this and other cheating, I interfered. I told him that I had learned the game before becoming a clergyman and insisted on taking the planter's place. Since I was backing the latter he was obliged to yield to me in the matter, which he did with a bad grace.

"I had not only learned the game 'before becoming a clergyman,' but all the tricks that went with it and many other games. I walked into that card sharper in a way that opened his eyes. The negro at stake had followed me into the cabin and was standing watching the game with bulging eyes. It was hard for me to keep a straight face, playing as I was, a supposed minister of the gospel, with counterfeit money and doing as neat bits of thimblerigging as had ever been practiced on that palatial steamboat. The negro trader was not a professional card sharper, though he didn't hesitate to cheat the planter, and never dreamed that the somber man before him in a spotless white necktie was placing the cards exactly where he wanted them.

"Of course I soon won the darky for his master. Then I arose from the table, delivered a homily on the sin of gambling and returned to the guards. I was followed by the planter, who said to me:

"'Pe'mit me, suh, to say to yo' that yo're the first man of the cloth that has eveh obtained my unbounded respect, suh. Yo' have saved my boy, suh, from being separated from his wife and children, an act fo' which I would have been to blame. I have sufficient influence, suh, to control a call to the First Baptist church of ——, Mississippi. If yo' will accept it it shall be yo's with a fat salary.'

"I thanked the gentleman for his offer, but declined it. When we reached his landing he insisted so heartily upon my visiting him at his plantation that I consented.

"I was made welcome by his family, and the wife and children of the negro I had saved from the trader came to the house with tears in their eyes to thank me. I was a good looking young fellow in those days and could see that I made an impression on one of the planter's daughters. I had everything at my disposal to perpetrate any rascality I might choose. I could get the planter's indorsement, which would enable me to dispose of my 'green goods,' and I believed I could win his daughter.

"I did neither. For a brief season I enjoyed the sensation of being a fine fellow. During that time I permitted myself to feel the part just as an actor will feel the character he is personating. Then when it was over I departed, resisting with difficulty the reproachful look of the girl who favored me, and as soon as I was on another boat was again a dog of a counterfeiter."

THE GILA MONSTER

By DAVID WALTER CHURCH

Little Inez Basquemento, a Mexican girl I saw while engineering in the southwest, was a merry child (if she had been born in the north she would have been a child; but, being a Mexican, she was a woman). She might have been anywhere from fourteen to sixteen. She played the guitar and sang with a little birdlike voice, jabbered Spanish musically, danced, and her face wore a perpetual smile, which was for every one. But if any person attempted to guy her she would knit her brows and shrink away as though terrified. And once her confidence was lost by a bit of banter her good will could never be regained.

There was a young engineer engaged on the same work as myself out there, at the time fresh from one of the "Teck" schools of the northern states. He was twenty years old, handsome as a picture and as bright as a new brass button. What must he do but make love to Inez with all the recklessness of youth regardless of the consequences both to himself and her! I, who was older, saw his danger and warned him. I knew what was up, for in the evening when the day's work was over I would hear on the Basquemento veranda the twang of Inez's guitar, her little flute voice, her merry laughter mingled with sounds which I recognized as coming from Ben Eggleston, the young man who was sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind.

"You little fool," I would say to him, "don't you know that the girl is a mingling of child and woman—child in inexperience, woman in development; that she will fall in love with you and then"—

"I'll break it off at once," would be the young fellow's invariable reply. The boy fully intended to keep his resolution when it was made, but gave up trying to do so when it got cold. The next night I would hear the same pleasant sounds on the veranda and knew that they were breeding the same storm.

This went on till the work on that division was finished and we were about to move. Eggleston assured me there wouldn't be any trouble. The girl was such a child that he couldn't believe she had been attracted to him as she might have been if more of a woman. He was going away and would simply bid her goodby as he would any other girl of immature years whose companion he had been.

"My advice to you," I said, "is to do no such thing. Go without saying anything about your going."

He didn't take my advice. The day before leaving he told her in a careless way that the engineering party to which he belonged was going to move its headquarters.

"And I will not see you again?" said the girl, her smile vanishing.

"Perhaps not," replied Ben, not thinking it wise to leave her to look forward to meeting him again. "You'll grow up soon and get married. Then you won't want any young men friends like me."

In order the better to kill in her all expectation of getting any nearer to him he told her he had a girl in the north.

That evening I met Inez carrying a cudgel in one hand and a canvas bag in the other. She wore the same innocent look she had always worn, but I noticed a peculiar glitter in her eye. There was something incongruous in a little girl's carrying a bludgeon, and, naturally fearful for Ben Eggleston, I could not help vaguely connecting the act with the jilting he was giving her. She passed me without looking back, and, taking position behind a tree, I watched her.

She went along, looking about her on the ground as if searching for something. She spent half an hour in this way, I following her, taking a new position now and then where I would not be observed by her. Presently I saw her hit something with her weapon. Then she picked up what looked to me from a short distance like a baby alligator. She held it by the tail, dropped it into the bag, closed the mouth and went away.

I didn't know what it all meant; but, still timorous about Ben, I told him he had better not wait for the moving of the party, but get out at once. He laughed at me and said there was nothing to fear and if there were he wouldn't run from a little Mexican girl who had scarcely given up her doll.

We engineers slept in a long temporary building one story high. That night I was startled by an unearthly yell. Springing out of bed, I ran along to a room where Eggleston and a rodman slept. The window was open, and Eggleston had just struck a light. His roommate was holding one leg and writhing with pain.

"Kill it!" he yelled.

Then I saw a little alligator looking thing on the floor.

"Kill it! It's the Gila monster and has bitten me. I'm gone up."

Inez's actions were explained. She had dropped the reptile in through the window on Ben, she supposed, but really on his roommate. For a week the poor devil howled in agony, then died.

That was years ago. Ben Eggleston has never married. The bare mention of a woman produces on him a temporary insanity.

THE SIREN

By CORA HATHORN SYKES

Each dwelling should be a thing of itself, not containing any one except the family whose home it is. Many a wife and husband have been separated, innocent children made to suffer and sometimes murder done because of a man or a woman going to live with a family of which they were not a part.

The Browns were a humdrum couple, content with each other and their home. When it was decided to have a governess for their children Miss Olive Markam was selected for the purpose. Miss Markam was pretty, and Mrs. Brown should have hesitated before taking her into the sheepfold. Not that the wolf was likely to harm her lambs, but there was a sheep in the family who, though not very tender, was liable to fall a prey to the newcomer. Neither Mrs. Brown nor her husband gave the entrance of Miss Markam into the family a thought so far as danger was concerned. Neither had ever known a pang of jealousy. Mr. Brown was a pudgy, baldheaded man of forty-two; Mrs. Brown was a tall, angular woman but a year his junior. Neither supposed that the other could attract any one else even if so inclined. The governess was but twenty and replied to Mr. Brown's remarks with "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," as a person of an entirely different generation. And yet there was danger in her presence at the Browns'.

Mr. Brown had his own sleeping room, where he might get a quiet night's rest without being disturbed by the rest of the family. One night he wakened from a bad dream and could not go to sleep again. After vainly endeavoring for an hour or more to do so he got up, put on a dressing gown and went downstairs to get a biscuit and a glass of wine, hoping that by thus drawing the blood to his stomach he might return to slumber. He took great care to move softly that he might not awaken any of the family and on reaching the dining room refrained even from striking a light. He found what he wanted in the sideboard and, having partaken of it, was about to return to his room when he felt his hand clasped by a softer one.

Mr. Brown knew Mrs. Brown's hand very well. It was not soft; it was not even round. On the contrary, it was hard and bony. A current shot quickly up his arm and entered—his heart? no, his self esteem, exciting that natural gratification a man who has passed middle life feels in attracting a young woman. The conviction that the governess had fallen in love with him popped into Mr. Brown's head and created there a disturbance at once delightful and terrifying. On the one hand was his home, his wife, his children; on the other, the siren. If he listened to the one the wreck of the others was sure to follow. But had he the power to resist? Mr. Brown felt in his bones that he had not.

All this flashed through Mr. Brown's mind in the two or three seconds that he held the hand in his. Then it was withdrawn, and without sound or farewell the owner passed. With a wildly beating heart he stood, listened, hoped for further manifestation, feared he would receive it, groped for it with outstretched hands, was disappointed, comforted, troubled, pleased and thrilled all at the same time. At last, being convinced that the owner of the hand had gone, he returned to his room.

Mr. Brown lay awake till daylight, a prey to different emotions, then went to sleep and dreamed that he and the governess were floating down a river whose banks were covered with luxuriant foliage and overhung with flowers. She was the same woman, but transfigured to one of transcendent beauty. He bent over the side of the boat and saw his own face reflected in the water. To his surprise, his hair had come back on his head with no gray streaks in it, and his eye had regained the fire of youth.

Then he took her hand in his—the same hand he had held before. There was the same pleasurable thrill without the dread of consequences. The wife of his bosom, so far as his dream was concerned, had no existence; his children were not yet born. He drifted in paradise.

He was awakened by a shake and the words: "Elisha, are you going to sleep all day? Get up!"

It was Mrs. Brown, in dishabille and forming a dreadful contrast with the companion of his dream. Mr. Brown lay a few moments trying to get used to the returned reality, then slowly got out of bed, forced himself into his clothes and went down into the dining room. The family were at breakfast. His oldest daughter, aged fourteen, looked at him mischievously.

"How did you like the ghost, papa?" she asked, her eyes dancing with fun.

"W-h-a-t ghost?"

But he knew before she told him that she had got up in the night for a glass of water, heard him leave his room, followed him and, with better eyes than his, clasped his hand.

"My dear," said Mr. Brown to his wife after breakfast and before going downtown, "I've been thinking that the children will get on better going to school than taught by a governess."

"Perhaps you're right, pa. Anyway, we can't keep Miss Markam after the holidays. She's going to be married."

"Married!"

"Yes, to a very nice looking young fellow, a year older than she. Same difference as between us, dear."

WHEN ABNER GOT MAD

By M. QUAD

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Miss Eunice Glasser was a "sorter" old maid, but it was not her fault. Abner Jackson, who was a "sorter" old bachelor, had been courting her for five years without actually popping the question. She lived with her widowed mother in the village, and he worked a little farm just outside.

Abner wasn't lazy. He was just a good natured poke of a man. He was going to get married some day, but there was no hurry about it. He always talked as if he intended to marry Eunice, but he didn't come down to details. He didn't ask her to name the day and arrange the bridal tour. Eunice liked Abner and bore with him, but she was getting rather tired of it when her Aunt Hannah came on a visit. Aunt Hannah saw Abner two or three times, understood his nature and then said to her niece:

"Look here, you've got a poke of a man hanging around after you, and it may be ten years more before he'll say anything about marriage. Are you going to put up with it or do something?"

"Why, auntie, what can I do?"

"Get mad at him and make him think he's going to lose you."

"He only laughs when I get mad."

"Then set in and criticise his feet, his nose, his eyebrows. Tell him that he's the homeliest man you ever saw."

"I don't think he'd mind it at all."

"Didn't you ever see him show any temper?"

"Not a bit. He was run over by a drove of hogs once and got up laughing. No, you can't make Abner mad. He's a poke, but an awfully good man."

"And are you going to keep right on for the next fifty years, are you?"

One afternoon three or four days later a vinegar barrel with one head out was left at the house by the grocer to be used as a rain barrel. The house stood on quite a hill, and there was a sharp slope down to the village street. About the hour Abner usually appeared Eunice was sent on an errand to the other side of the village, and when the "poke" arrived Aunt Hannah was the one to greet him. She took him to the corner of the house where the barrel stood and promptly began:

"See here, Mr. Jackson, you've been dawdling around here for years. What are you after?"

"Why—why"— he stammered as he leaned up against the house and could say no more.

"Oh, you can't tell! I knew you couldn't. You've come here almost every night in the week for months and years and squatted yourself down, and what for? Your talk can't interest anybody. The sight of you isn't inspiring. If I was Eunice I'd just as soon have a wooden man around. And yet you come and squat and squat. I ask you, sir, what you mean by such conduct?"

"I—I guess I'll go home," answered Abner, who was too astonished to see straight.

"And I guess you won't," said Aunt Hannah, "at least not until you have explained yourself. I've been looking at you. If I had a cow as homely as you are I'd knock her in the head with the ax. Hump shouldered, bowlegged and feet like an elephant, and yet you come here and squat around and take up a girl's time! Why, man, what can you think of yourself?"

"I'll never come again!" exclaimed Abner in a changed voice.

"That's good. That's what I wanted to hear you say. Go and squat somewhere else. Go and find the homeliest girl in the country to match you. The first time I saw you I knew you was a poke of a man and you hadn't grit enough to push a toad off its nest."

"Woman, be careful! If you aggravate me too much"—

"Aggravate an old poke! Why, man, it would take you three years to get mad, even if you started in tonight."

The next thing she knew she was being lifted off her feet in Abner's strong arms and deposited in the handy barrel. Before she could yelp twice the barrel was whirled on its side and given a kick to start it down the slope. It took an erratic course. It ran to the right a few feet and then shied to the left. It stopped for a moment at a gooseberry bush and then dodged and jumped clear over a crabapple tree. There were yelling and screaming from the inmate of the barrel, but Abner stood and watched the circus and shouted back:

"I'm a poke, am I? I'm a squatter, am I? I've got bowlegs and humped shoulders and feet like an elephant! Go! durn your hide, roll on!"

And the barrel rolled, and Aunt Hannah rolled, and neither of them stopped rolling till the barrel crashed through the fence and brought up against a shade tree in the street. No one was killed. No bones were broken. Aunt Hannah crept out and up to the house and was just finished with the last of the arnica when Miss Eunice came rushing in with radiant face to exclaim:

"I was coming back home—and I met Abner—and he was swearing—and he grabbed me by the arm—and he said he'd break my neck if I didn't go right to the preacher's and be married—and—and"—

"And you went?"

"Yes, and we were married. I had to be. Abner ain't a poke any more, but the awfulest, determinedest man you ever heard of. Why, auntie, he told me to tell you that you could go to thunder and be durned to you!"

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BISHOP WALTERS INCONSISTENT

Bishop Alexander Walters, who mixes his religion with politics occasionally, in order to produce an article he labels race interest and race loyalty, now and then is inconsistent. For instance, his latest interview says he feels kindlier toward President Taft since the appointment of Mr. Lewis, but he cannot condone the wholesale removal of colored officeholders in the South, and that he is preparing to effect an organization of colored voters to support the presidential candidate who assures the most for the race. The logical conclusion would be that this organization the Bishop proposes will support President Taft, but Bishop Walters lets it be known that his organization will be the black tail to the Democratic kite. He says that he now feels kindlier toward the President since his appointment of Mr. Lewis, but in the next breath intimates he will co-operate and support the party which held Mr. Lewis' confirmation up for three months, and would have defeated it had it not been for the interest and activity shown by the man who made the appointment — the President himself. Now how can Bishop Walters consider himself consistent?

And Bishop Walters' intended support of the Dtmocratic party is not only inconsistent, but indefensible when the efforts which that party is continually putting forth to block our progress is considered. Only last week the Democrats of Georgia proposed a law that will forever disfranchoise the colored voters of that State, and what Georgia does the other Southern States will also do. Most Negro Democrats are soldiers of fortune; that is, they are simply unprincipled grafters who will support anybody, at any time, and under any circumstances, for a small cash payment, but we have never considered Bishop Walters exactly in that class, although practically all of his followers are. We give the Bishop credit for being sincere in his desire to help his race, but we cannot be influenced by a man who advocates the support of a party that has disfranchised us in nearly every State south of Mason and Dixon Line, and a party now proposing to make that disfranchisement permanent and constitutional by applying a Georgia act. In Georgia they propose to make not education or property pessession a requisite for an elector, but "character and proper respect for women," and white Southern, Negro-hating Democrats will sit as prosecutor, judge and jury in every case where a colored man attempts to prove he possesses the necessary qualifications to vote in Georgia. Bishop Walters should move to Georgia where he will be in close touch with his Democratic party.

THE WHITE NEGRO.

We have the so-called white Negro in our midst, otherwise known as the Negro who endeavors to pass as white in the daytime and colored when he gets with his own people at night.

We have had this class of Negroes among us for a number of years, and they continue to parade among us and hold government positions by virtue of being Negroes. They may be seen at the Monacan Assemblies and other social gatherings, claiming to be the biggest Negroes in the crowd. We see them in the day time holding high heads, walking alone or in company with some second-class white man.

The Bee is aware of two or three of this class that go in debt to be in company with a second-class white man.

At other social functions given by the respectable colored people in this city these individuals are always present, and how they get their invitations The Bee does not know.

Investigate their pedigree, if you please. What will you find? Corroding beings who have no standing at their own homes, and for fear of cankering they leave their homes for this city. Our social circle is in need of renovation. The society craze in this city is something shameful, as well as disgraceful. It is but one thought uppermost in the minds of the white Negro and the cancerous individuals who have been menaces to our social circle.

The Bee wonders what the mothers of these young girls are doing or thinking about. Young men who don't seem to have any respect for the female sex, and seem to have but one ambition. Is the young man or the young woman to blame? Is the mother or the father to blame? The man has no time to tarry with a young woman if he is to entertain her mother or father. Conditions are of such character that the girl is warned against these eating concerns.

There are less marriages today than has ever been known in the history of our city. Separations, divorces, etc., are numerous.

The white Negro is persona non grata in the white social world, and among his own people he arrogates superiority.

This city contains many distinguished families and citizens who do not parade themselves before the public to make themselves look notorious. The citizens of Washington never had such a problem before. In former years they lived in peace and happiness; our social circle was a gem, and its people were of the purest and most sacred in their virtues. The city is monopolized by the "Jim Crow" Negro, who is another menace to our society.

The white and colored citizens of Washington live upon terms of friendship before the advent of the "Jim Crow" and "white Negro." We have some of the finest and purest young ladies in the world in this city who have respect for themselves and their honor.

The only remedy that The Bee can suggest is to give the "white" and "Jim Crow" Negro the ticket of leave man.

ALABAMA TEST

The most recent and the most notorious citizenship test is the law to be adopted by the Alabama Legislature. This is the most idiotic that has ever been suggested. It is as idiotic as is the attempt of a few Democratic Negroes to vote the Democratic ticket.

The moral character of the individual must be above the standard, or of such a nature that will pass muster. By such means the Democratic party will disfranchise the entire male voting population, not because the moral character of the voter is bad, but because he is a colored American. The Democratic party South, that is the unreasonable demands in the Democratic party, will degrade the colored Americans. The restrictive laws that are being enacted daily are oppressive, and what can the colored voter hope to gain by giving aid and comfort to the party that is responsible for the enactment of such laws?

Has President Taft been responsible for the notorious laws that have been passed against the colored citizens in the South?

Certainly President Taft has been extremely liberal toward the colored Americans. His obect is to improve the condition of the masses of colored citizens and not the few. It will be to the best interest of the country, irrespective of color or party, to renominate President Taft.

THE INDICTMENT

There are some disgruntled colored men in this country who have fancied grievances. They present an imaginary indictment against the administration and subpœna the Democratic party as judges and jurors. The plea of the administration is not guilty, after the indictment has been read. The substance of the indictment is:

First — An effort on the part of the Republican party to protect the colored American against the "Jim Crow" car law.

Second—Denouncing as unconstitutional the enactment of laws disfranchising the colored Americans.

Third — Republican legal advisors defending the colored Americans against segregation laws.

Fourth — Recognizing colored Americans who are competent to be appointed to responsible positiones under the present administration.

The foregoing are a few of the counts in the indictment against the administration which the Democratic party sits as judge and jurors.

The colored voter who heretofore was relieved of the above oppression is giving encouragement to the prosecution. Is the colored voter sane or insane?

Will Bishop Walters, Cunningham and others answer the question to the indictment?

MR. TAFT.

The country is for the renomination and election of President Taft. He has placed the country upon a business basis which has a credit throughout the civilized world.

Mr. Taft endeavored to make his country one which will stand the test of ages. Has not the President made every effort to satisfy the country? What are his faults? Know the man, and then you will learn to appreciate him.

These are dull August days.

If Canada too adopts the reciprocity pact then let business begin.

The Bee has never missed an issue in thirty years, and yet it has never offered stock for sale.

The Grand United Order of Odd Fellows August Supreme Court met in Philadelphia last week, and incidentally drew a half-year's salary.

The tragic death of the late Albert S. White, of Louisville, Ky., removed a well equipped and a loyal race man. His taking off under any circumstances would have been regretted.

When people buy stock in a newspaper they first want to know if the men behind it know anything about running a newspaper, and if they have any money of their on to put into a plant.

The wild rumors floating about town that this and that bachelor is slated for an early marriage are no respectors of persons, for they include about every bachelor who has the price of a marriage license in his clothes.

The Negro Business Men's League, which meets this month in Little Rock, promises to be one of the most successful ever held.

Negroes should patronize the business houses and places of amusement conducted by their own people. Only by union and strong devotion to our own can we hope to prove we are capable of commercial advancement. Patronize your own shops and stores.

FAIRMOUNT HEIGHTS NEWS.

The Fairmount Heights Citizens' Association held its second meeting Tuesday, July 25, and the committee of arrangements for the recent Sixth Annual Outing and Moonlight Picnic made a partial report, which was far beyond any in the history of the association. The work of repairing the sidewalks will begin in the near future. The bridge on Fairmount avenue near the M. E. Church will be repaired Saturday, July 29. The following officers were present and expressed their belief that the affairs of the association are in better condition than they have been for a long time:

Messrs. W. S. Pittman, James F. Armstrong, LL.B., F. Coalman, A. E. Briscoe, J. A. Campbell, LL.B., R. S. Nichols, W. B. Makel, W. S Crouse, Rev. A. H. Strother, W. A. Brooks, B. Evans, John W. Medley and J. P. Ware.

All good citizens and taxpayers are welcomed as members. The editor of The Bee is cordially invited to address the Fairmount Heights Citizens Assocaition on any second or fourth Tuesday night of any month.

Miss Virginia L. Williams, A. B., has been elected and appointed a teacher in the Fairmount Heights Public School. The good people of Fairmount Heights may well count themselves fortunate to secure the services of such a noble and highly accomplished young woman to assist in building up the school interest in Fairmount Heights. Miss Williams is a graduate of Ferguson and Williams' College, Abbeville, S. C.; of the Teachers' College Course, Howard University, and of the Washington Normal School No. 2. She has specialized in kindergarten, in domestic art and domestic science and in music, both vocal and instrumental. She has had considerable experience in missionary work and will bring much to the community about the school.

Mrs. Martha S. Boyd, a friend and well-wisher of all Christian work, has been so favorably impressed by the zeal and enthusiasm put forth in this community by Rev. E. S. Williams, District Superintendent; Rev. W. H. Howard, pastor, the officers and members of the Fairmount Hts. M. E. Church, that she has kindly consented, of her own free will, to donate to the church a beautiful piano. Praise the Lord!! Bless Mrs. Boyd! The District Superintendent, the pastor, the board of trustees, and the membership of the charge here extend to Mrs. Martha S. Boyd their thanks for the very valuable gift.

FIGHT ON!

What matters what the world may say if you are in the right?
Men are not always in the wrong who fail;
The best of men have oft been crushed beneath the tyrant's might,
Although the right will in the end prevail.

What matters what the world may say if God is on your side?
The truth has oft been met with bitter scorn;
The silly and unthinking world may laugh, defame, deride,
May use the "scourge," mock with the "reed," the thorn.

What matters what the world may say if love reigns in your heart?
And martyr like you dare the world disown,
The foolish world can never know you have the better part,
And that your faith will win for you a crown.

What matters what the world may say if you have done your best?
If you have fought your fight and failed to win;
Fight on, have faith, be brave, be true, and God will do the rest
The gates of heaven will open wide that you may enter in.

James Conway Jackson.

Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

For the past two years women have tried to look almond-eyed, and imitate the Egyptian beauties of mural decorations. Now the "baby stare" is the proper thing with "milady." Now, speaking about this eye business brings me to that little fellow who affects a Prince Albert coat every day and Sunday too, and who moves around the bailiwick of the Police Court with head bowed like one sniffing for the odors of Cologne. That's Clinkscale, a possible success at law. Now "Clink" (that's the way they used to call him down in Ole Virginny before he metamorphosed into a lawyer and special brief writer) has a pair of eyes that usually work at cross purposes. They seldom appear as if they are both focussed on the same object at the same time. However, when a green bit of paper of any denomination, bearing the autograph of W. T. Vernon, flutters in the air, Clink manages to focus both of his disturbed orbs upon it at the same time, and if it is tendered him he reaches for it wildly. Clinkscale is a peculiar compound of docility, irascibility and patience. He can stand at Sixth and Louisiana avenue for hours watching the appearance of a possible unkempt client, and at the same time keep one of his eyes peeled down Louisiana avenue in the direction of a certain square room where they give away a large glass of water with the purchase of a small glass of "Oh-be-joyful." When he arises to address the Court, beginning with "You' Honnah," he never says "Your," he fumbles around impatiently for words and ideas, but usually finds both. I believe it was old Seneca who first said "some men look their part, and some men's look belie their part." Now Clinkscale never looks his part, unless you think his part is that of a fellow "snoopin" around for a handout. He does belie his part if you give him credit for being a pretty good lawyer. Just to look at Clink you'd conclude at once he was a fellow trying to escape work. And the first time you met him, and heard him talk, and saw him furtively cast his glance two ways at the same time with a pair of dissenting orbs, you would set him down as a finished product of the Know-Nothing University. But after you get acquainted with the little bundle of flesh that came within an ace of being the most pronounced brunette that ever chirped in Goat Alley, you conclude he's really a live wire.

Clinkscale has removed the old sign whch read "Attorney at Law and Special Brief Writer to Billy Mahone's Second," and has put up a new sign which just reads "Attorney At Law," "At" being in letters twice the size of the others. He used to have lots of practice at writing briefs before he and Tom Jones agreed to disagree. Barring Clinkscale's pair of eyes that, like oxen, pull apart from each other, he's no slouch. I was a party to a civil suit once in which he was the attorney, and you bet "You Honnah" he managed it in great style. One thing about Clink is that even the colored lawyers hand it up that he's a good lawyer, and when an article in his somber colors can motor all the way from Virginia on just a pair of indefinite legs, and without gasoline; make his way thru law school, and then get in the front rank of colored lawyers here — and we have some who are real perfectos, depend upon it he's the goods. Clink is a million miles away from being a dummy. He's just around the corner from peaches and cream.

Well, I met my friend the other day who worked me for $25 to take a plunge in the surf at Atlantic City. He's back, very much back. I was sitting in a certain cafe Monday afternoon, eating a deviled crab—badly deviled, too — when I heard someone in the next room say: "Waiter, I guess you might bring us two springs broiled, some French fried, a couple of Dogshead — better start off with a couple of Martini's— and, well, bring those along and we'll see what more we want." The order for two springs broiled made my little old one measly crab look like a dried herring on exhibition over at the Smithsonian. The order just gave me a Pierrepont Morgan appetite. Just for curiosity I thought I would take a peep into the next room and see who the millionaire was who was occupying it. One peep was too many. Who do you think it was? Why, the daub who worked me for twenty-five legal tenders to go to Atlantic City while I had to remain here and economize. When I saw him I simply lost my senses. There he was sitting up there with a dashing near-widow, just as if he was John Hays Hammond entertaining King George, and ordering a Cafe Republique bill of fare. I went back, looked at my crab, turned it over, smelt it a couple few times, then got up, walked downstairs, to an imaginary "Dead March from Saul," and went out into the street and got a case of fresh air. If it had not been for the fresh ozone I got I would have keeled over. I have been looking for him ever since, but he dodges me. You can just say your rosary over twice if when I do meet him I don't tell him a few things. And what I say won't look good in plain type. "A couple of springs broiled!" And me trying to erect an appetite for a crab that was fast maturing! What some of these "friends" will do to you ain't according to Hoyle. If he was a married man I could get even by going 'round and telling his wife that I saw him with a dashing near-widow, and she would do the rest. But he ain't married. He's a single fellow, and the only thing I can do, without getting into the hands of some of these lawyers, is just to tell him a few things in English without any regard for the purity of the language. And rely upon it,, I'll tell him. I can't stand for a fellow forcing me to eat matured crabs while he orders springs broiled on "mah" money.

I was standing in the Rue del Morgue the other day — that's Ninth street in front of the Ford Dabney —when two statesmen came up—very near statesmen—and got to discussing the Controller Bay incident. If Taft had heard them elucidate on Chuga reserve, Okalee channel, mud flats, and all, he would have phoned Ford to send them right over to the White House after he had run them around the vaudeville circuit a couple of times. What they knew about Alaska, the Cunnigham claim, etc., would have made J. C. Cunningham, the professional card-writer, go mad! It's funny to me how the President overlooks some of this near-statesmen timber around here when he's making selections for his Cabinet. And it's funny to me why Ford Dabney does not have a dog catcher out in front of his place to grab some of these near-statesmen for the variety stage. And it wouldn't cost him anything for their services either, for you never saw a near-statesman who wouldn't give his services free. He likes to pose, talk loud, look wise and say nothing. Just heap big wind, that's all. And if you throw one or two Rhine wines under their belt they will talk till the moon changes.

DEATH OF MR. KEYS.

A telegram announcing the sad intelligence of the death of her youngest brother, Mr. Samuel J. Keyes, which occurred at Oakland, California, Sunday, July 30, has just been received by Mrs. J. T. C. Newson of 13th street.

Young Keyes went to engage in the Pullman service when quite a youth, and had enjoyed good health until recently.

The body will be brought East, and interment had at Hazlehurst, Miss., the home of the older sisters.

The Bee extends its most cordial sympathies to Mrs. Newsom in this hour of her affliction.

LOCAL NURSES.

The local nurses are sparing no pains in their efforts to make their convention which convenes in this city August 15, 16 and 17, a crowning success. A very interesting program has been prepared. Everyone is invited to the afternoon and evening sessions.

Fosters DYE Works

FOSTER'S DYE AND CLEANING WORKS.
(You Street, between 11th and 12th Streets, Northwest.)
Business and Display Office, 11th and You Streets, Northwest.
CALL AND INSPECT OUR WORK.
Ladies' suits a specialty.
Gentlemen's suits cleaned, pressed and sponged.
Gloves cleaned.
All goods look like new when they leave our works.
FOSTER'S DYE WORKS.

Mountain breezes, seashore breezes and social breezes all meet around the breezy soda fountain at the two drug stores of Board & Maguire at 1912 1-2 14th St., and at 9th and You Sts. Two places "where everybody meets everybody else" for the most delicious ice cream soda in the city.

Miss Eva A. Chase left the city Monday for Lynchburg, Va., where she will remain a week, and from there she will go to Tye River. The entire stay will be with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Goldsberry. She was accompanied by Mrs. Ray Belt.

Misses Flora and Alice Williams are spending some time at Atlantic City, N. J. They are having a delightful time.

Dr. Booker T. Washington passed through the city Monday en route for Tuskegee, Ala.

Dr. Julia P. Coleman, who has been quite ill at her new residence, has sufficiently improved to be up again. z

Dr. Arthur S. Gray, who has spent a delightful time in Atlantic City, has returned.

Mr. M. C. Maxfield will speak in the southwest tomorrow.

Mr. Ford Dabney left the city for New York last week.

Mrs. Ethel Johnson will make a visit to Norfolk, Va., this month.

The family of Dr. Warfield, wife and twins are away from the city.

The picnic of St. Luke's was well attended yesetrday.

Dr. J. W. Morse has the gem drug store in the northwest. Prescriptions carefully compounded by registered clerks.

Mr. Oscar Toppen, of Philadelphia, Pa., paid a flying visit to the city to see his sister, Miss Naomi, who is very sick. While here he stopped with his mother, Mrs. H. E. Toppen, 45 Hanover street northwest.

Mrs. Asenith P. Ryder, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Jane E., left the city last Tuesday morning for Libertytown, Frederick county, Md., where they will spend the month of August.

Rev. A. F. Wallace and wife, Mrs. Bessie Pinkney Wallace, stopped over a few days in the city, the guests of their mother, Mrs. Jennie Pinkney. Rev. Wallace, who is a graduate of Howard University, and has charge of a church in Williamsport, Md., where he is making a success. Mrs. Wallace is a native Washingtonian, also a graduate of the schools here, and is a great help to her husband in Church work.

Mrs. S. A. McKinney and sons, James, Walter and Ralph, spent Sunday with her daughter and their sisters, Mr. Mrs. Bessie Austin and husband, Rev. Austin, of Lincoln, Va. Messrs. Samuel Hardy and Hugel Brown also accompanied them.

Mrs. Luella Crouse and son Earl, of this city, are on a short visit with her husband's relatives in Metropolis, Illinois. She visited her sister in East St. Louis and from there will visit friends in Kentucky.

Mrs. and Miss Patton are on a visit in Houston, Texas.

Miss Eva Brown is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Gaines, on Humboldt street, Denver, Col.

Mrs. W. H. Lewis, wife of the Assistant Attorney General, and children are planning a visit to Southern France.

Mrs. Cox, wife of Dr. Lloyd Cox, Dayton, Ohio, is here on a visit.

Mrs. Laura Parker is visiting with friends in Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Lucy Alleyne is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Washington, in Charlotte, N. C.

Everybody meets everybody else these beautiful warm days at the popular drug stores of Board & McGuire, at 1912 1-2 14th Street, Northwest, or at their "Busy Corner," at Ninth and U Streets, Northwest, two places for the most delicious ice cream soda in the city.

Don't pass Morse's Drug Store, at Nineteenth and L streets northwest.

Little Josie Caldwell is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Williams on South Brevard street, Charlotte, N. C.

Mrs. W. T. Vernon left the city Thursday evening last to enjoy her vacation in the East.

The Misses Murray, of 10th street, are vacating at Saratoga.

Miss Alma Duncan and her mother are spending the summer in Greenville, S. C.

Attorney Armond W. Scott, with his wife and baby, will leave the city this week for a month's vacation. His wife and baby will stop at Atlantic City and he will go on to Boston to attend the Elk's Convention, which convenes in that city next Tuesday. After leaving Boston Lawyer Scott will visit Portland, Maine, and Saratoga, N. Y., and come back and meet his family at Atlantic City.

Miss Rosa C. Hershaw left the city Monday for Atlantic City, where she will be the guest during the month of August of her aunt, Mrs. William Dowling, of 1209 Baltic avenue.

The family of Rev. J. Lincoln Johnson is with his family, 84 M street southwest.

Architect Pittman has drawn plans for a fine residence for the Recorder.

Dr. John W. Morse, of the Gem Drug Store, at Nineteenth and L streets northwest, has everything that a first-class druggist possesses. Drop in.

Miss Ocea Brooks, of 13th street northwest, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Musette Gregory, at Newark, N. J. She will also visit Saratoga before her return home.

Mr. Charles P. Ford, of the office of Indian Affairs, and a member of the Massachusetts bar, left the city last Wednesday on a short trip to Boston and other points in Massachusetts on business and pleasure. The Asbury Sunday School, of which he is superintendent, has been left in charge of Mr. S. L. McLaurin, who is assistant superintendent.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Mason are sojourning in Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Williams, accompanied by W. J. Smith, had a very pleaasant visit with their many friends in Baltimore last Sunday, and will finish their vacation in Cornwall, Pa., Atlantic City, N. J., and Petersburg, Va.

Mrs. Cora Meredith has returned to Baltimore after a pleasant stay in this city with friends.

Miss Mary Booker will spend her vacation this month in Atlantic City, N. J.

Mrs. Minerva Saunders, of Baltimore, Md., is visiting relatives and friends here.

Mrs. M. A. Gates is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. M. McClain, in Jersey Cityy.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Conway, of this city, are the guests of Rev. Watson in Jersey City.

Dr. Morse, who has the finest drug store in the West End, also has the best prescription compounder. Dr. Morse, who is also a registered pharmacist, never makes a mistake. Call 19th and L streets northwest.

Miss Elfrida Kennedy, one of our popular school teachers, is the guest of Mrs. Trotter Wilson, 208 West 133d Street, New York City.

Miss Lyda Moxley will spend her vacation at Niagara Falls.

Prof. L. B. Moore and Mr. G. Wilkinson attended the National Association of Colored Teachers in Colored Schools, which met in St. Louis, Mo., last week.

S. V. Jones, Robert Beverley and Mrs. Mable Henderson are recent arrivals at the Whitehead Cottage, Asbury Park, N. J.

Mrs. Lizzie White is the guest of Miss Ethel Edwards in Atlantic City, N. J.

Misses M. Washington, L. Cornell and I. Addison are guests at the English House, Catskill Mountain, N. Y.

Dr. Morse has the finest assortment of candies and toilet articles that can be purchased anywhere in the city.

Mrs. Edelin is a guest at Hotel Dale, Cape May, N. J.

Prof. Lewis B. Moore, dean of the Teachers'College,Howard University, delivered a lecture at the First Baptist Church in Steelton, Pa., on Monday evening. His theme was "What the Negro Has Done for Himself."

Mr. Thomas Miller, Jr., is visiting Miss Eva C. Washington at her home in Middletown, Va.

Miss Mattie Ellis, of Hopkinsville, Ky., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Neil, 906 T street northwest. Before returning home she will visit Niagara Falls.

Mrs. Ida V. Smith is visiting relatives in Carlisle, Pa.

Mrs. Leon Smallwood and children, of Omaha, Neb., are spending the summer with Mrs. Ella Smallwood, 943 R street northwest.

Mr. Edward Tolliver, of Indianapolis, Ind., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Thompson.

Mrs. Anna E. Buckner is visiting her sister, Mrs. Richard D. White, in Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Kathleen Peebles is visiting her sister, Mrs. Louise Johnson, in Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Laura Henry is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. I. Ennis, in Delaware City, Del.

Mrs. Augustus Johnson, of Fairmount, Md., is in the city.

Mrs. Wilson and family, of Peirce Place northwest, are sojourning in Atlantic City.

Miss A. Lancaster is visiting with friends in Chicago, Ill.

Miss Julia Brandon is visiting friends in Huntsville, Ala.

Mrs. Oliver Mitchell and Miss Teresa Mitchell are spending their vacation in Savannah, Ga.

Mr. William E. Watkins, of Providence, R. I., has come to this city to fill an appointment in the Department of Agriculture.

Mrs. Anna Snead is visiting her old homestead in Savannah, Ga.

Miss Nannie H. Burroughs is in Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Emma Winston and children are the guests of her mother, Mrs. W. H. Barbour, in Gordonsville, Va.

Mrs. White spent a few days in Gordonsville, Va., last week.

Mrs. Louisa Dade has returned to Gordonsville, Va.

Mrs. Penny Evingtore is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Coles, in Charlottesville, Va.

Mrs. R. L. Middleton and children left the city Wednesday for Northumberland county, Va., where they will visit her mother-in-law, Mrs. Middleton.

Miss Mary Mason has gone to Atlantic City, N. J., to spend about two weeks.

Mr. Ralph Coleman has returned to Boston, Mass., after a pleasant visit to this city and Waldrop, Va.

Mrs. Fannie Nelson, of Boston, Mass., is spending the month of August here visiting friends.

Miss Blanche Arnwood, a government employee, of this city, is the guest of Mrs. Bishop Walters, in New York City. Miss Arnwood also plans a visit to Boston and will be chaperoned by Mrs. Perrin.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis have returned to Philadelphia, after a very pleasant stay in this city.

Mr. Charles M. Thomas is visiting friends in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Ozalla Wade has returned to this city after spending several weeks in Philadelphia, Pa., and Atlantic City.

Mrs. J. W. Pettiford, of Kalamazoo, Mich., is visiting friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Washington are being royally entertained during their stay in Chicago.

The race conference called to meet in Tuskegee, Ala., next February will be the greatest conference of Negroes ever held in this country, and will be the largest and most representative.

MOORE'S

Original Concert Co.

Will Play Concerts, Sunday Schools,Benevolent Societies, Churches

609 F STREET, N.W.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Wilbur P. Thirkield, LL. D., President.

Located in Capital of the Nation. Campus of over 20 acres. Advantages unsurpassed. Modern scientific and general equipment. New Carnegie Library. New science hall. Faculty of over one hundred. 1,382 students from 37 States and 10 other countries. Unusual opportunities for self-support. No young man or woman of energy or capacity need be deprived of its advantages.

The College of Arts and Sciences.

Devoted to liberal studies. Courses in English, mathematics, Latin, Greek, French, German, physics, chemistry, biology, history, philosophy, and the social sciences, such as are given in the best approved colleges. Sixteen professors. Kelly Miller, A. M., dean.

The Teachers' College.

Special opportunities for teachers. Regular college courses in psychology, pedagogy, education, etc., with degree of A. B.; pedagogical courses leading to Ph. B. degree. High-grade courses in normal training, music, manual arts and domestic sciences. Graduates helped to positions. Lewis B. Moore, A. M., Ph. D., dean.

The Academy.

Faculty of 13. Three courses of four years each. High-grade preparatory school. George J. Cummings, A. M., dean.

The Commercial College.

Courses in bookkeeping, stenography, commercial law, history, civics, etc. Business and English high school education combined. George W. Cook, A. M., dean.

School of Manual Arts and Applied Sciences.

Furnishes thorough courses. Six instructors. Offers four-year courses in mechanical and civil engineering, and architecture.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS.

The School of Theology.

Interdenominational. Five professors. Broad and thorough courses. Advantages of connection with a great university. Students' aid. Low expenses. Isaac Clark, D. D., dean.

THE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

Medical, Dental and Pharmaceutica Colleges.

Forty-nine professors. Modern laboratories and equipment. Connected with new Freedmen's Hospital, costing a half million dollars. Clinical facilities not surpassed in America. Post-graduate school and polyclinic. Edward A. Balloch, M. D., dean, Fifth and W Streets, Northwest. W. C. McNeill, M. D., secretary, 901 R Street, Northwest.

The School of Law.

Faculty of eight. Courses of three years, giving a thorough knowledge of theory and practice of law. Occupies own building opposite court house. Benjamin F. Leighton, LL. B., dean, 420 Fifth Street, Northwest.

For catalogue and special information, address Dean of Departmnet.

Cars to the NortheastSection and suburbs pass the door

THE

Astoria Pharmacy

(W. Armstrong)

Fresh Drugs

Third and G Sts. N. W.

Drugs and Prepararitons always fresh

Phone Main 3252

Ruben George Washington

Tonsorial Artist

THE ONLY FIRST CLASS ONE IN THE PARK
EVERYTHING FIRST CLASS
1936 4th STREET, N. W.

Mrs. Jennie Washington

HAIR WORK—MASSAGING
MANICURING
TRANSFORMATION PUFFS
SWITCHES
326 oakdale Place, N. W.

Drug Store.

In this issue of The Bee will be seen the advertisement of the Astoria drug store, Third and G Streets, Northwest, near the Pension Office. Dr. W. Armstrong is an enterprising man and well educated in pharmacy. His reputation stands unimpeached and you may alwavs rely on him to do justice to his p..trons. His prices are reasonable, hence you may have no hesitancy in patronizing him.

For Sale - 3 Sold

2125=31 Newport Place, Northwest
Bet. 20th & 21st, N & O Sts.

Sample House 2129

The equal in finish and style to a $7500 house

A FEW OF THE FEATURES:

Cement cellar.

Front and rear porches.

Large back yards to alley.

Tiled bath with terrazo floors

Hot waterheat

Extra closet and wash tubs in cellar.

Hardwood finish.

Dome lights in dining room.

Gas and electricity.

Handsome mantels in parlor and dining room.

Eighteen feet wide.

Fronts finished off in Spanish tile.

Two squares from DupontCircle
One square from New Hampshire Avenue
One square from P street car line

ReasonablePriceEasy Terms

Frank T Rawlings Co 1425 N.Y.Ave. NORTHWEST

The Public is Cordially Invited to Attend

The Afternoon and Evening Sessions of the

FOURTH ANNUAL CONVENTION
OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF

Colored : Graduate : Nurses

—WHICH CONVENES IN THIS CITY—

August 15th, 16th and 17th

At Lincoln Temple Church *11TH & R STREETS NORTHWEST*

SESSIONS 2 AND 8 P. M.

Miss M. A. Allen, Chr. **918 Tea Street, Northwest**

BEAUTIFUL HAIR

Is not a accident. Care and attention are necessary

COCOLATUM

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HAIR FOOD IS WHAT YOU NEED TO STIMULATE GROWTH, ERADICATE DANDRUFF, CLEANSE THE SCALP AND MAKE THE HAIR STRAIGHT, SOFT & SILKY

Get a bottle today from your Druggist and note the improvement. Trial size 10c, on sale at all Drug Stores.

WHY WORRY.

During the hot Summer days about your cooking problem?

THE NORTHWEST CAFE

Renders service "just like home" at a lower cost to you.

We have secured the service of two expert female chefs who have had years of experience in some of the leading families in this city.

We bake our own bread morning and evening.

Electric Fans and Lights
Airy Dining Room

Ice Tea
Drip Coffee
Home Cooking

Polite and Courteous Attendants

Special prices to families for Summer months.

W. W. MARTIN, Prop.

Howard Theatre

WEEK OF AUGUST 7TH THE SHOW THAT KEEPS A BREAST OF THE TIMES.

The - Smart - Set

SALEM TUTT
WHITNEY
THAT FUNNY COMMEDIAN
50 OTHERS

IN THE **Mayor of New Town**

HOMER TUTT
AND ALL THE FAVORITES
50 MORE

21-New Song Numbers-21

A BRAND NEW MUSICAL COMEDY

SEE ELECTION DAY IN
CARNIVAL DAY IN
FIRENANS DVY IN
THE MANY NOVELTIES
A HOWLING SUCCESS
NEW TOWN

THE BRIGHTEST—BIGGEST AND MOST ELABORATE STAGE PRODUCTION EVER IN WASHINGTON

PRICES 25-35 & 50 CENTS - MATINEES 1000 SEATS- 25c-CHILDREN 15c

SEATS ON SALE AT BOX OFFICE FROM 10 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

TELEPHONE—NORTH 762 FOR RESERVATIONS

MATINEES—TUES. THURS. AND SAT.

WORTH ADVERTISING FOR

There are 5,499 Negroes employed here in Washington by the Government alone, and these re than three millions of dollars gregating $3,044,404. These mo 5,499 Negroes draw salaries ag are spent right here in Washington, but scattered among the hundreds of tradesmen. Is this amount of money worth bidding for? It certainly is, and not even the largest stores in this city would refuse to get the big end of it did they but realize how much money the Negroes are really spending.

Now The Bee is the only Negro publication in this city. It stands without a rival or competitor, and covers the field like a few of the merchants in this city will patronize the advertising columns of The Bee, presenting the attractive bargains they may have, those Negroes — those 5,499 Negroes who draw annually from the Government over three millions of dollars — will assume that by patronizing a publication edited and operated by one of their race that such firms desire and deserve their patronage. And such firms will receive the bulk of these over three millions of dollars received and spent by the Negroes of Washington.

What clothing stores, what furniture stores, what dry goods stores and what other lines of business will now make an effort to divert to themselves these over three millions of dollars spent by Washington Negroes by advertising in The Bee?

Place your advertising in The Bee and watch those 5,499 appreciative Negroes spend their over three millions of dollars with you.

Now is the time to advertise in The Bee, the newspaper that goes into every Negro home in Washington. Remember, merchants of Washington, it's what advertising pays you, not what it costs.

MORE MONEY— RACE PROGRESS.

If colored people groom themselves daintily, destroy perspiration odors, remove grease shine from the face, and use our new discoveries for improving the skin and dressing the hair, they will be better received in the business world, make more money, and advance faster.

The Chemical Wonder Company of New York is the best business friend colored people have. It improves their bodies as Dr. Booker Washington improves their minds. That Company manufacturers nine Chemical Wonders, which will make colored people as attractive as individual peculiarities will permit. Colored men in New York who use these Wonders hold better situations in banks, clubs and business houses, and women have better positions, marry better, get along better.

(1,) Complexion WonderCream will light up any colored face (black or brown) every time it is used. To prove this on one trial, we send demonstration sample for 10 cents. Regular jar, 50 cents postpaid.

(2) Magneto-Metallic Comb, called Wonder Comb. Can be heated before using, to help straighten and dress the hair. Costs 50 cents, and will last a lifetime.

(3) Wonder Uncurl. When this pomade dressing is in the hair the kinks can be uncurled and the hair becomes flexible. When heated into the scalp and through the hair with a Wonder Comb, any stiff, knotty hair will dress well. 50 cents post paid.

(4) Wonder Hair Grow fertilizes the scalp and makes hair grow long, just as fertilizers in the soil make cornstalks grow. 50 cents postpaid.

(5) Odor Wonder Powder instantly destroys perspiration odor. People who neglect such chemical cleansing are obnoxious. 50 cents postpaid.

(6) Odor Wonder Liquid. This fine toilet water surrounds the body with delicate perfume. When used with used with Odor Wonder Powder the conditions of the body become perfect. If you can spare 50 cents extra, order this luxury. 5 cents postpaid.

(7) Wonder Foot Powder keeps the feet dainty. 50 cents postpaid.

(8) Wonder Wash. A shampoo to clean from dandruff and insure the health of the hair and scalp. 50 cents postpaid.

(9) Shell Pink Creme will give light brown girls beautiful pink cheeks without made-up appearance. 50 cents postpaid.

We guarantee all these Wonders as represented.

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TAR AND FEATHERS.

A Coat of These, Taking Several Days to Remove, Means Excruciating Torture to the Victim.

People who read of tarring and feathering know that the punishment is a very unpleasant one, but few imagine how terribly painful and dangerous it is. Hardened tar is very hard to remove from the skin, and when feathers are added it forms a kind of cement that sticks closer than a brother. As soon as the tar sets the victim's suffering begins. It contracts as it cools, and every one of the little veins on the body is pulled, causing the most exquisite agony. The perspiration is entirely stopped, and unless the tar is removed death is certain to ensue.

But the removal is no easy task and requires several days. The tar cannot be softened by the application of heat and must be peeled off bit by bit, sweet oil being used to make the process less painful. The irritation to the skin is very great, as the hairs cannot be disengaged, but must be pulled out or cut off. No man can be cleaned of tar in a single day, as the pain of the operation would be too excruciating for endurance, and until this is done he has to suffer from a pain like that of 10,000 pin pricks. Numbers of men have died under the torture, and none who have gone through it regard tar and feathering as anything but a most fearful infliction.

TOBACCO IN THE ARCTIC.

Resource of Miners When They Can Neither Chew Nor Smoke.

"When the wind is blowing thirty miles an hour and the temperature is 40 below it is some cold," said a man from Alaska. "If a man used tobacco in the ordinary way out of doors during such weather and got his lips wet through smoking a pipe or chewing he would be apt to get into trouble. First thing he knew he'd have his lips cracked, and they would be raw all winter long.

"The regulars stationed at the military posts up in Alaska found that if they tied a tobacco leaf in their armpit previous to undesired duty they would become very sick and could pass the post surgeon for hospital, getting rid of detail work they wanted to avoid.

"The miners up there learned something of this and found that the tobacco craving could be satisfied by binding a quantity of the leaf either in the armpit or against the solar plexus. This avoided broken and bleeding lips during the winter, and they weren't prevented from smoking indoors as well if they wanted to. It was the outdoor smoking or chewing that made all the trouble."—New York Sun.

Way to Treat Venison.

The sportsman was explaining to a few of his uninitiated friends.

"If you don't like venison," he said, "it is because it has not been prepared properly. I think I know the kind you have tried to eat, and I agree with you it is not fit. After the deer has been shot the carcass probably has been allowed to lie around until the blood has discolored the meat and really has almost tainted it. Few hunters dress their game carefully enough. As soon as a deer is killed the carcass should be thoroughly bled, skinned, the entrails removed and the meat hung up in the dry air for some hours. Thorough and prompt bleeding is of the utmost importance. Venison prepared in this way is comparatively light in color—that is, it is a clear, bright red, and the fat is white and clean. There is no strong, rank taste." New York Press.

Revenge.

"Stop!" The brakes of the motor were suddenly applied, a pandemonium of whirling wheels ensued, and the motorist came face to face with Constable Coppem, who had been hiding in the hedge.

"Excuse me, sir," said the portly policeman, taking out his notebook and pencil, "but you exceeded the speed limit by two miles over a measured piece of road."

"I have done nothing of the kind," retorted the motorist, "and, besides"—

"Well, if you don't believe me I'll call the sergeant, bein' as it was 'im as took the time. He's in the pigsty yonder."

"Don't trouble, Robert," the other hastened to reply. "I would sooner pay fifty fines than disturb the sergeant at his meals!"—London Answers.

Faithful Woman.

I tell you that women, as a rule, are more faithful than men—ten times more faithful. I never saw a man pursue his wife into the very ditch and dust of degradation and take her in his arms. I never saw a man stand at the shore where she was wrecked, waiting for the waves to bring back her corpse to his arms, but I have seen a woman with her white arms lift a man from the mire of degradation and hold him to her bosom as if he were an angel.—Ingersoll.

His Way of Doing.

"Could the cashier of that company explain the muddle in the books?"

"He said he would clear it all up."

"Did he?"

"No, he didn't clear it up. He cleared out."—Baltimore American.

Ungallant.

Henderson—Ever met with any serious accident while traveling? Henpeck—Did I? I met my wife while traveling abroad.

Sorrow is an evil with many feet.—Simonides.

CYCLONE FORMATION.

Air Gets Warm and Light, and the Mechanical Laws Are the Same as In a Whirlpool.

Any one can make the exact counterpart of a cyclone if he so desires. Of course a cyclone is caused by the air over a big area getting warm and light with small pressure. This air consequently tries to rise almost in a body and leaves a partial vacuum behind, but the outside cold air rushes in from all sides. Now, it is a scientific and mechanical truth that when a fluid runs in from all sides toward a central point it causes a whirlpool or rotation of the fluid. The exact analogy of a cyclone, then, although with the fluid water instead of air, is seen when the stopper is pulled out of the bottom of a basin full of water. An almost perfect vacuum, as far as the water is concerned, is caused by the water immediately over the stopper running out. The rest of the water rushes in from all directions, and a whirlpool is the result. There is one difference here from the air cyclone. In the air the force with which it rushes toward the center greatly compresses the air whirling at that point and makes it very dense—so dense, in fact, that a straw carried in the central whirl can be driven into a big block of wood without bending. Of course in a whirlpool the water is not compressed, remaining practically the same in density all the time. That is one highly important property of water; it is practically incompressible. Nevertheless it is very interesting to see the whirl form in a basin and know that the mechanical laws are the same as in the formation of a cyclone many miles wide.—Harper's Weekly.

NEW JERSEY TEA.

Red Root, That Did Good Service In Revolutionary Days.

You housekeepers of today whose favorite brands of Orange Pekoe, English Breakfast, India and Ceylon, etc., diffuse their fragrance over your tea table would hardly suppose that tea, or, rather, a fairly good substitute for it, was once made from the leaves of one of our prettiest New Jersey wild flowers. Yet so it was in the old turbulent days of the American Revolution, when they had so much trouble over the imported article and used various beverages as substitutes for that to which they had become accustomed.

New Jersey tea, or red root, as it is also called, is a low growing shrub with many branches, seldom over three feet high, and is found from Canada to Florida, growing usually in dry wooded sections. It is very abundant in New Jersey, for which it is named. It blooms profusely in July and is so showy, with its many panicled white blossoms, as to be quite worth a place in the gardens as an ornamental shrub. It has a dark red root, with leaves downy beneath and very much veined, by which it is easily distinguished from the pure tea. An infusion of the leaves prepared in the same manner as the genuine article has somewhat the taste of ordinary grades of the tea of the orient, but is not supposed to possess any of its stimulating properties.—Exchange.

Bulwer Lytton and His Chorus.

The Princess von Racowitsa met Bulwer Lytton in the Riviera toward the end of the fifties. He was then, she says in her autobiography, "past his first youth; his fame was at its zenith. He seemed to me antediluvian, with his long dyed curls and his old fashioned dress. He dressed exactly in the fashion of the twenties, with long coats reaching to the ankles, knee breeches and long colored waistcoats. Also he appeared always with a young lady who adored him and who was followed by a manservant carrying a harp. She sat at his feet and appeared, as he did, in the costume of 1830, with long flowing curls, called Anglaises. He read aloud from his own works, and in especially poetic passages his 'Alice' accompanied him with arpeggios on the harp."

A Tree Climbing Dog.

A government official in Bavaria connected with the forestry department has a wonderful dog, which is as clever at climbing trees as a cat. If his master fastens a handkerchief up in the treetops the animal will clamber up after it in the nimblest way and never fails to bring it down. He was taught by his mother, who was famous as a tree climber. The clever animal has won several medals by his extraordinary talent and takes particular delight in climbing silver birches, not the easiest tree in the world to scale, for the trunk is particularly smooth and slippery.—Wide World Magazine.

The Alternative.

Figg—My wife wants a new silk dress.

Fogg—Are you going to let her have it?

Figg—Yes. It's a case of silks or sulks.—Boston Transcript.

The Silver Lining.

In life troubles will come which look as if they would never pass away. The night and the storm look as if they would last forever, but the coming of the calm and the morning cannot be stayed.

Unreasonable.

Mrs. Sharpe (severely)—Norah, I can find only seven of these plates. Where are the other five? Cook (in surprise)—Sure, mum, don't ye make no allowance for ordinary wear an' tear?

THE DEAREST GIFT.

A Pathetic Incident In the Life of Robert Browning Told by an American Traveler In Italy.

A young American woman was traveling one day in an Italian railway coach, the only other occupant of the compartment being an elderly gentleman. Observing the interest of the young woman in the country through which they were passing and seeing also that it was new to her, the more experienced traveler pointed out objects and places of note.

From scenery the conversation drifted to books and authors, until something suggested to the young American one of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's sonnets, which she quoted.

She was astonished and abashed because the gentleman made no reply, but during the rest of the ride sat looking intently out of the window, having apparently forgotten the very existence of his traveling companion.

As they neared the station where the young lady was to leave the car she said timidly:

"I fear, sir, that I have offended you. Perhaps you do not like Mrs. Browning's poetry."

The man slowly turned upon her tear dimmed eyes, and in a voice full of emotion he said:

"Madam, that sonnet is the sweetest, as its singer was the dearest, gift God ever gave to me."

Her traveling companion was Robert Browning.—Youth's Companion.

A CURIOUS ANIMAL.

The Sea Cucumber Can Part With and Replace Its Organs.

Among the curious animals which inhabit the sea we may take the holothuria, or sea cucumber, so called from its resemblance to the cucumber.

When this animal is attacked by an enemy it does not stand up and fight, but by a sudden movement it ejects its teeth, stomach, digestive apparatus and nearly all its intestines and then shrivels its body up to almost nothing. When, however, the danger is past the animal commences to replace the organs which it has voluntarily parted with, and in a short time the animal is as perfect as ever it was.

Dr. Johnstone kept one in water for a long time, and one day he forgot to change the water. The creature in consequence ejected its intestines and shriveled up, but when the water was changed all its organs were reproduced. Although the animal is not eaten in Europe, it is a favorite with the Chinese, and the fishing forms an important part of the industry of the east. Thousands of junks are annually used in fishing for trepang, as the animals are called.—London Tit-Bits.

Cows That Never Drink.

The "wild cow" of Arabia, in reality an antelope, the Beatrix oryx, is said never to drink, which is probably correct, for unless these animals can descend the wells they can find no drinking water for ten months in the year. There is no surface water, and rain falls but precariously during the winter. Only once during my journey did I find a pool of rainwater, caught in a hollow rock, and even this I should have passed by without knowing of its existence had not my camels sniffed it from a distance and obstinately refused to be turned from going in that direction. These antelope, however, are provided by nature with a curious food supply, especially designed as a thirst quencher. This is a parasite which grows on the roots of the desert bushes and forms a long spadix full of water and juice. The antelope dig deep holes in the sand in order to get at these.—Wide World Magazine.

Easily Explained.

"They have to admit in the old world," said a New York theatrical man, "that we've got them beaten on every count. Talk to them about the matter and they can only quibble.

"'Oh, yes,' said an English banker to me the other day, 'you've got a great country, the greatest country in the world, there's no denying that.'

"Then he gave a nasty laugh.

"'But look at your fires,' he said. 'Your terrible fires are a disgrace to mankind.'

"'Oh, our fires,' said I, 'are due to the friction caused by our rapid growth.'"

Kindness to Animals.

"What I believe in," said Mr. Erastus Pinkly, "is kindness to dumb animals."

"Yes," replied Miss Miami Brown, "I has hyubed dat some folks kin lif' a chicken off de roos' so gentle an' tender dat he won't have his sleep disturbed ska'sely none."—Washington Star.

Spiteful.

"Yes," said the engaged girl, "Dick is very methodical. He gives me one kiss when he comes and two when he goes away."

"That's always been his way," returned her dearest friend. "I've heard lots of girls comment on it."

Thus it happens that they cease to speak to each other.

Fell In With the Argument.

"The leading question," said the colonel, "is the financial one."

"Right," replied the major, "and I was just about to ask you to add $5 to that $10 I borrowed from you yesterday."—Uncle Remus' Magazine.

Trouble springs from idleness and grievous toil from needless ease.—Franklin.

A DEED OF DARING.

One Man Swam to Sinking Vessel Twenty-seven Times, Returning Every Time With a Human Being.

A historic case of daring and endurance rarely equaled in life saving annals was that of the rescue of twenty-seven souls by one man in 1867. The fishing schooner Sea Clipper was driven by the tempest against a reef near the Spotted islands on that coast and speedily went to pieces. Captain William Jackman, in charge of a fishing crew at these islands, had wandered in a direction he had never been before as if by inspiration and suddenly saw the whole tragedy enacted before his eyes. Hurrying his one companion back to the fishing station to summon help, he plunged into the howling swirl himself and eleven times swam to the ship. Each time he took back a human being to safety, battling splendidly against wind and tide.

Then help arrived, but no means was available of communicating with the vessel, so Jackman fastened a rope around his waist and made fifteen more trips, returning with a castaway on each occasion. It was then discovered that a woman had been overlooked and left on board, and the belief was expressed that she was dead, but he declared that he would not leave her there, living or dead. Accordingly he plunged into the surf again and soon bore the hapless creature to the shore, where, divesting himself of his flannels, he wrapped them round her, as she was almost at death's door. She expired a few hours later, but lived long enough to thank her preserver for his noble efforts in her behalf.—Wide World Magazine.

BROUGHT UP HOT WATER.

The Friction of the Boat Made the Ocean Almost Boil.

The steamship was speeding over seas with a record breaking list of passengers when one of the gay, young and inquiring girls who are found on every trip skipped up to the captain and asked:

"Captain, are we really going fast? It seems as if we were just crawling."

"Fast," answered the captain gruffly, "of course we're going fast. With nothing to see but water and sky you can't judge our speed, but, my dear young lady, the friction of the boat is so great it makes the water hot aft."

"I don't believe it," giggled the girl, and the captain, with a great show of indignation, called for a rope and bucket to prove his words. These brought, he slung the pail down aft of the vessel directly under the drainpipe of the galley, where hot water runs all day, and brought it up smoking, to the astonishment of the awstruck girl.

A long, lean Yankee who had been watching the performance then came forward and drawled, "Say, cap, that must make you change your course mighty often."

"Change my course?" blustered the captain. "What would I change my course for?"

"Well," said the Yankee slowly, "so darn much friction as that must wear the ocean out mighty quick."—Philadelphia Times.

Sugar.

Our word "sugar" is said to be derived from the Arabic "sukkar," the article itself having got into Europe through the Arabian Mohammedans, who overran a great part of the world in the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries. According to Dr. Van Lippman, a Dutch writer, as a result of the Arab invasion of Persia sugar found its way into Arabia, whence again its culture was carried to Cyprus, Rhodes, Sicily and Egypt. In the last named country the preparation of sugar was greatly improved, and the Egyptian product became widely famous. From Egypt the industry spread along the northern coasts of Africa and so entered Spain, where, about the year 1150, some fourteen refineries were in operation. Columbus introduced sugar cane into the new world.—Argonaut.

His Bad Dream.

Truly oriental was the defense put forward by a prisoner at Allpore. Charged with stealing a Hindu idol with its ornaments, he stated that the goddess told him in a dream the night before that, as she was not properly worshiped by the Hindu priest, she would be better taken care of by him, a Mohammedan, and that unless he took charge of her worship she would in her wrath destroy his whole family. The magistrate, however, was not satisfied with the story and sentenced the accused to two months' rigorous imprisonment and to pay a fine.—Bombay Gazette.

When the Loss Was Felt.

Wife (on returning home after a long visit)—Have you noticed that my husband missed me much while I was away, Mary? Maid—Well, mum, I didn't notice that he felt your absence much at first, but this last day or two he has certainly seemed very downhearted, mum.

He Promised.

Sutton—No, can't spare the money very well, but I'll lend it to you if you promise not to keep it too long. Gayboy—I'll undertake to spend every penny of it before tomorrow.—Washingtonian.

Feeding the Fish.

Disgusted Fisherman (emptying his bait into the stream)—Hanged if I'll wait on you any longer! Here, help yourselves.—Life.

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We want our readers to patronize us; it helps all around. The Ozonized Ox Marrow Co. advertises in this paper, and when you want a first-class dressing for kinky, harsh and unruly hair, go to your druggist's and get a bottle of Ford's Hair Pomade, 25c or 50c a bottle.

House and Herrman.

The 134th anniversary of the birth of the Stars and Stripes was observed by the Government departments, patriotic societies and schools throughout the District last Wednesday.

Wilberforcian Orchestra.

The finest orchestra in the city is the Wilberforcian. It is composed of educated young men, studying professions. The music by this orchestra is first class. You should hear it.

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON THE NEGRO.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 17, 18 and 19, 1912.

For some years past I have had in mind to invite here from different parts of the world—from Europe, Africa, the West Indies and North and South America—persons who are actively interested or directly engaged as missionaries, or otherwise, in the work that is going on in Africa and elsewhere for the education and upbuilding of Negro peoples.

For this purpose it has been determined to hold at Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 17, 18 and 19, 1912, a little more than a year from this time, an international conference on the Negro. Such a conference as this will offer the opportunity for those engaged in any kind of service in Africa, or the countries above mentioned, to become more intimately acquainted with the work and the problems of Africa and these other countries. Such a meeting will be valuable and helpful, also, in so far as it will give opportunity for a general interchange of ideas in organizing and systematizing the work of education of the native peoples in Africa and elsewhere and the preparation of teachers for that work. Wider knowledge of the work that each is doing should open means of co-operation that do not now exist.

The object of calling this conference at Tuskegee Institute is to afford an opportunity for studying the methods employed in helping the Negro people of the United States, with a view of deciding to what extent Tuskegee and Hampton methods may be applied to conditions in these countries, as well as to conditions in Africa.

It is hoped that numbers of people representing the different governments interested in Africa and the West Indies, as well as representatives from the United States and the countries of South America, will decide to attend this conference. Especially is it urged that missionary and other workers in these various countries be present and take an active part in the deliberations of the conference.

It is desirable, in any case, to have any suggestions as to what might be done to make the work of the conference more helpful to all concerned. The names of persons who would like to be present, with whom you are acquainted, will be appreciated, and through you they are invited to be present and take part in the deliberations of the conference.

Those who come to Tuskegee properly accredited will be welcomed and entertained as guests of the institution, and will be under no expense during their stay here.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.
Principal, Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

Elephant Threnodies.

The natives of certain portions of south central Africa, says the Duchess of Aosta in Harper's Weekly, look on the death of an elephant as an event. They attach an almost religious aspect to it. "As soon as the animal stalked is stretched out on the ground the hunters climb upon the huge, still warm body and there perform a dance, gesticulating and shaking their guns, accompanied by a sort of litany, in which they extol the animal and his qualities, his strength, his size, his cunning; then they praise the skill of the hunter, his prompt eye, his accurate shot. And this song is just murmured, as if they were afraid that if they raised their voices they would attract the curse of the spirit which has just left the animal and is still floating round him."

How Parchment Came to Be Used.

When the literary jealousy of the Egyptians caused them to stop the supply of papyrus, the king of Pergamos, a city in Asia Minor, introduced the use of sheepskin in a form called, from the place of its invention, pergamona, whence our word parchment is believed to be derived. Vellum, a finer article, made from calfskin, was also used. Many of the books done on vellum in the middle ages were transcribed by monks, and often it took years to complete a single copy.

Proof.

"I'm after the gas bill."

"Gee! My husband forgot to leave the check—he's just gone."

"Are you sure he forgot to leave it?"

"Yes; he told me so just as he went."—Cleveland Leader.

One of Many.

"Then you think you won no permanent place in her heart?"

"I'm just a notch on her parasol handle; that is all."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

High Art.

"Are you blind, prisoner?" inquired the magistrate.

"Yes, your worship."

"You are charged with vagrancy. How did you lose your sight?"

"By a fit of appleplexy, sir."

"But there is a picture on your breast representing an explosion in a mine, through which, it is stated, you became blind. How is this?"

"Please, your worship, I couldn't afford to pay a hartist as could paint appleplexy."—London Answers.

Where the Trouble Was.

"Some mis'bul sinner took an' runned off wid de collection hat las' meetin' day," said Brother Dickey, "an' I well knows dat ef dar wus no sich place ez hell de good Lawd would make one for dat sinner."

"Was there much money in the hat?"

"No, suh; day warn't so much ez a brass button in it."

"Then why are you so mad about it?"

"Hit wuz my hat," he said.—Atlanta Constitution.

NOISE OF THUNDER.

Professor Trowbridge Declares That It Is Due to Heating of Gases Along the Line of Electric Discharge.

To Professor Trowbridge we owe an experiment to explain the noise of thunder. It has usually been thought that the noise is caused by the closing up of the vacuum created by the passage of lightning, the air rushing in from all sides with a clap, but the intensity of the noise is rather disproportionate, and it is now supposed that the thunder is due to the intense heating of the gases, especially the gas of water vapor along the line of the electric discharge, and the consequent conversion of suspended moisture into steam at enormous pressure.

In this way the crackle with which a peal of thunder sometimes begins might be regarded as the sound of steam explosions on a small scale, caused by inductive discharges before the main flash. The rumble would be the overlapping steam explosions, and the final clap, which soundest loudest, would be the steam explosion nearest to the auditor. In the case of rumbling thunder the lightning is passing from cloud to cloud. When the flash passes from the earth to the clouds the clap is loudest at the beginning.

Professor Trowbridge gave substance to these suppositions by causing electric flashes to pass from point to point through terminals clothed in soaked cotton wool, and he succeeded in magnifying the crack of the electric spark to a terrifying extent.—London Graphic.

THE BIG DIPPER.

It Is the Hour Hand of the Woodman's Celestial Clock.

The pole star is really the most important of the stars in our sky. It marks the north at all times. It alone is fixed in the heavens. All the other stars seem to swing around it once in twenty-four hours.

But the pole star of Polaris is not a very bright one, and it would be hard to identify but for the help of the so called pointers in the "Big Dipper," or "Great Bear." The outer rim of the dipper points nearly to Polaris at a distance equal to three times the space that separates the two stars of the dipper's outer side. Various Indians called the pole star the "Home Star" and the "Star That Never Moves," and the dipper they call the "Broken Back." The "Great Bear" is also to be remembered as the pointers for another reason. It is the hour hand of the woodman's clock. It goes once around the north star in about twenty-four hours, the reverse way of the hands of a watch—that is, it goes the same way as the sun—and for the same reason—that it is the earth that is going and leaving them behind.—Country Life In America.

A Blow Arrested.

An organist who on the eve of a festival was taken suddenly ill secured a deputy to take his place. The deputy, on the authority of St. James' Budget, was a gentleman who played a very full organ, playing full chords where his principal played only single notes, and consequently using a much larger quantity of wind.

When about three parts through with the "Hallelujah Chorus" the wind suddenly gave out. Going round to the back of the organ to ascertain the reason, the deputy found the blower in the act of putting on his coat preparatory to going home.

"What do you mean by such behavior?" the deputy angrily expostulated.

"Look here, sir," the blower returned with warmth, "if you think I don't know 'ow many puffs it takes to blow the 'Allelujah Chorus' you make a big mistake!"

Helped the Thief.

"A simple, honest Scotch farmer had taken a sack of meal to dispose of in Aberdeen castle market," says Mrs. Mayo in her "Recollections of Fifty Years." "It was in the days when people were hanged for any petty theft, and an execution was in progress, the culprit being a sheep stealer. The worthy countryman stood aghast when a stranger bustled up with the question:

"'What's a-do?'

"'A hanging,' said the other, awed, 'for stealing a sheep.'

"'Eh, what won't folks risk for gear!' cried the stranger. 'Will ye just give me a hand up with this sack?'

"The farmer promptly complied. It was only afterward that he discovered he had helped a thief to make off with the sack of meal he had brought to sell!"

Force of an Oil Well.

Oil has been ejected from the Baku wells with such force and accompanied with so much sand that steel blocks twelve inches thick placed over the mouth of the well to deflect the flow were perforated in a few hours and had to be replaced. The casing with which the wells were lined was often torn to shreds and eventually collapsed, and hundreds of thousands of tons of sand which accumulated in the vicinity necessitated the services of large bodies of workmen.—London Mail.

A Safe Bet.

A man can never guess how big the hats or sleeves or skirts of women will be next season, but he stands ready to bet that no fashion center can make big shoes for women popular.—Atchison Globe.

"The easiest thing I know of," says the philosopher of folly, "is to begin to save up some money next month."—Cleveland Leader.

FUN IN THE HOME.

Bring to It Bright Pictures and Pleasant Thoughts and Bar Out Business Worries.

Whatever your lot in life, keep joy with you, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. It is a great healer. Sorrow, worry, jealousy, envy, bad temper, create friction and grind away the delicate human machinery so that the brain loses its cunning.

Half the misery in the world would be avoided if the people would make a business of having plenty of fun at home instead of running everywhere else in search of it.

"Now For Rest and Fun." "No Business Troubles Allowed Here." These are good home building mottoes.

When you have had a perplexing day, when things have gone wrong with you and you go home at night exhausted, discouraged, blue, instead of making your home miserable by going over your troubles and trials just bury them. Instead of dragging them home and making yourself and your family unhappy with them and spoiling the whole evenning, just lock everything that is disagreeable in your office.

Just resolve that your home shall be a place for bright pictures and pleasant memories, kindly feelings toward everybody and "a corking good time" generally. If you do this you will be surprised to see how your vocation or business wrinkles will be ironed out in the morning and how the crooked things will be straightened.

THE COTTON GIN.

Whitney Got the Idea From the Work of an Old Negro.

Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, got the germ of his great idea from seeing through the interstices of a hut an old negro work a hand saw among the freshly picked cotton stored within.

The teeth of the saw tore the lint from the seed easily and quickly, and young Whitney (he was barely thirteen at the time) realized at once that a machine working a number of similar saws simultaneously would revolutionize the cotton growing industry.

He said nothing to anybody, but set to work building models and experimenting. His difficulties were enormous, for he not only had to make his own wheels, cogs, etc., but he had also first to forge his own tools and even to manufacture the paint wherewith to color his many plans and drawings.

But he succeeded in the end, and, though the outbreak of war and other hindrances prevented the invention from being actually placed upon the market until many years afterward, the first complete cotton gin ever constructed was built from those very models and plans and with scarcely a single alteration.

The Springbok.

A peculiarity of that most beautiful of South African antelopes the springbok is that it always leaps over human tracks. It is at once exceedingly shy and marvelously active, and the reason for this strange antic is its intense suspicion of any possible enemies, among whom it has come to recognize man as the most dangerous. It is not only with human tracks that the springbok goes through this performance, for it does the same with the tracks of lions or even when it gets wind of a lion. The leap is exceedingly graceful, and the animal covers from twelve to fifteen feet at each bound. It drops on all four feet at once and immediately rises again, making a clear spring without any run. Its usual gait when not pursued is a light springy trot. The springbok usually travels with its nose to the ground, as if constantly on the lookout for the scent of enemies.

A Mole's Nest.

Among common animals few have been less studied in their life history than the mole. Mr. Lionel E. Adams says that under the "fortress" which the mole constructs above the surface of the ground will always be found a series of tunnels running out beneath the adjacent field. A curious feature almost invariably found is a perpendicular run penetrating about a foot below the bottom of the nest and then turning upward to meet another run. A mole is never found in his nest, although it may yet be warm from his body when opened. Guided by smell and hearing, a mole frequently locates the nest of a partridge or pheasant above his run and, penetrating it from below, eats the eggs. The adult mole is practically blind, but there are embryonic indications that the power of sight in the race has deteriorated.

A Japanese Peculiarity.

"When a Japanese servant is rebuked or scolded," says a traveler, "he must smile like a Cheshire cat. The etiquette in smiles is very misleading at first. I often used to think that Taki, my riksha 'boy,' meant to be impertinent when he insisted on smiling when I was angry at him. But when he told me of the death of his little child with a burst of laughter I knew that this was only one of the curious details of etiquette in this topsy turvy land."

One Definition.

"Papa," asked a little boy, "what is a legal blank?"

"A legal blank, Johnny," replied his father, "is a lawyer who never gets a case."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Flight.

"Would you take $10,000 to fly from Albany to New York?"

"Why not? Our cashier took only $1,000 to fly to Europe."

ADAM'S PEAK.

A Shrine Visited by Thousands and Sacred to Three Conflicting Religious Sects.

Throughout Asia "holy places" are almost as numerous as leaves on a tree, but in Ceylon is a mountain which enjoys the unique distinction of being a very holy place to the devotees of three absolutely distinct and conflicting religious sects. This is Adam's Peak, or Samanala.

According to the Mohammedan belief, Adam, after the fall, was taken by an angel to the top of Samanala, and a panorama of all the ills that through sin should afflict mankind was spread out before him. His foot left an impression on the solid rock, and his tears formed the lake from which pilgrims still drink. The Buddhists contend that it was not Adam, but Buddha himself that made the footprint in the rock, that being the last spot where he touched the earth before ascending to heaven, while the Brahmins have still another legend. All, however, Brahmins, Mohammedans and Chinese, agree that Samanala is a very holy place, and to perform a pilgrimage to the spot is to the Buddhist what a visit to Mecca is to a Mohammedan. In mixed crowds the worshipers come, each pitying the ignorance of the other, who is so far from the "true way."

It requires no little faith and some imagination to trace in the depression in the rock the likeness of a human footprint. It is 5¼ feet long by 2½ feet wide, on the top of a huge bowlder. The natives, however, insist that it is the footprint of Adam.—Emmett Campbell Hall in Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

MINIATURE GARDENS.

Tiny Lakes, Trees and Houses In Diminutive Japanese Parks.

The Japanese have the art of dwarfing trees to mere shrubs and of cultivating plants in a similar way. The people take great delight in their miniature gardens, which require a special gardener to keep them down to desired limits. A Japanese garden is generally about ten yards square, and in this small space is found a park and demesne, with lake, summer houses, temples, trees, all complete and in keeping with the dimensions available.

One such garden shows a lake four feet long and full of goldfish. On the border stands a pine tree exactly eighteen inches high and fifty years old. Beneath its shade is a temple carved out of one piece of stone the size of a brick. On a lofty crag of some two and a half feet stands a fine maple tree, perfect in form and shape, fifteen years old and twelve inches high.

One household in Japan boasts of a complete garden contained in a shallow two dozen wine case. Everything is complete down to the fish in the lake, a sheet of water only a few inch square, and the footbridges over the water courses. Tea houses there are and numerous trees of various kinds, each about six inches in height. Old as the hills are these diminutive trees, but full of vitality, and yet never growing bigger.—New York Press.

One Consolation.

During the time he acted as United States consul in Glasgow Bret Harte occasionally indulged in a day's sport with the gun, and it was during one of his shooting excursions that the humorist met with an accident which might have disfigured him for the remainder of his life, his face being badly cut through the recoil of an overloaded gun. Fortunately the doctor's skill prevented him from being permanently marked.

Writing about the occurrence to his friend, T. Edgar Pemberton, who quotes the letter in his "Tribute to Bret Harte," the novelist concludes his letter by telling of an amusing effort which was made to console him on account of the accident.

"When the surgeon was stitching me together," he wrote, "the son of the house, a boy of twelve, came timidly to the door of my room.

"'Tell Mr. Bret Harte it's all right,' he said. 'He killed the hare.'"

Artificial Flowers.

It was in Italy that a demand for artificial flowers first arose. This was due primarily to a caprice of fashion which demanded that during festivals blossoms in and out of their seasons should be worn and also to the fact that their color and freshness were stable. Later on, in the middle ages, the artificial so far superseded the natural that both men and women decked their heads with imitation flowers of cambric, paper, glass and metal.

Spiteful.

At a local picture show a painter hung a notice under his highly prized landscape, "Do not touch with canes or umbrellas." Some one who was not an admirer of his works added to the notice, "Take an ax!"

Disagreeable Economy.

Husband—You are not economical. Wife—Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage I'd like to know what you think economy is like.

An Inside Outing.

Wigg—The best outing a man can take is an ocean trip. Wagg—Yes, an outing for the inner man as well.—Philadelphia Record.

To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.—Campbell.

PICKING HUSBANDS.

A Woman's Cynical View of the German Marriage Market, Where Men Wait to Be Purchased.

The men in Germany do not marry. They are married. They are more or less passive articles of sale, which stand in rows in the matrimonial shop window with their price labeled in large letters in their buttonhole, waiting patiently for a purchaser. They are perfectly willing, even eager, victims. They want to be bought, but their position does not allow them to grasp the initiative, and they are thankful when at last some one comes along and declares herself capable and willing to pay the price.

The girl and her mother, with their purse in hand, pass the articles in review and choose out the one which best suits their means and fancy.

"I shall marry an officer," one girl told me some time ago with the easy confidence of a person about to order a new dress, and, lo and behold, before the year was out she was walking proudly on the arm of a dragoon lieutenant! I even knew of three women who swore to each other that they would marry only geniuses, and here also they had their will. One married a great painter, one a poet and another a famous diplomatist. That they were all three peculiarly unhappy is not a witness against the system, but a proof that geniuses may occasionally be very uncomfortable partners. In this case the purchasers were rich and popular and could therefore make their choice. Others of lesser means would have had to content themselves with an officer, cavalry or infantry, according to the "dot," or a lawyer, or a doctor, or a merchant, and so on down the scale.—Miss Wylie's "My German Year."

ODDLY EXPRESSED.

Queer Ways In Which Ideas Are Sometimes Put Into Words.

Curious ways of expressing ideas in English may be expected from foreigners, as, for instance, when the Frenchman, who made a call in the country and was about to be introduced to the family, said: "Ah, ze ladies! Zen I vould before, if you please, vish to purify mine 'ands and to sweep mine hair."

A Scotch publican was complaining of his servant maid. He said that she could never be found when wanted. "She'll gang oot o' the house," he said, "twenty times for once she'll come in."

A countryman went to a menagerie to examine the wild beasts. Several gentlemen expressed the opinion that the orang outang was a lower order of the human species. Hodge did not like this idea and, striding up to the gentleman, expressed his contempt for it in these words: "Pooh! He's no more of the human species than I be."

"Mamma, is that a spoiled child?" asked a little boy on seeing a negro baby for the first time.

A shop exhibits a card warning everybody against unscrupulous persons "who infringe our title to deceive the public." The shopman does not quite say what he means any more than the proprietor of an eating house near the dock, on the door of which may be read the following announcement conveying fearful intelligence to the gallant tars who frequent this port: "Sailors' vitals cooked here."—Philadelphia North American.

Definition of True Humor.

The sense of humor is the "saving sense" principally because it saves us from ourselves. The person who cannot laugh at himself now and then is to be pitied. Moreover, the person who cannot take good naturedly the occasional bantering of others is in the same class of disagreeables. A well directed shaft of raillery will often find the vulnerable point in our armor of self complacency and show us where our self satisfaction is all wrong. True humor, however, must spring as much from the heart as from the head. Its essence must be truth and friendliness, not contempt. There never was a good joke yet that told a lie or besmirched a reputation. Humor which carries with it a sting to wound the sensitiveness or delicacy of one who does not deserve to suffer is not true humor.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Professional Instinct.

"Romeo and Juliet," with the original company, had reached its crucial moment.

Juliet was staggering about the stage, regarding her afflicted lover.

"Oh, cruel poison!" she wailed.

She raised her lover for a moment in her arms.

A wildly excited medical student in the gallery sprang to his feet.

"Keep him up, Juliet—keep him up!" he bellowed. "I'll run out and fetch the stomach pump!"

A Run of Luck.

Violet—I never had such a streak of luck. He fell in love in Paris, proposed in Rome and bought the ring in Naples. Pierrot—Did your luck end there? Violet—Oh, no! While we were at Monte Carlo he won enough from papa for us to get married on.—London Illustrated Bits.

A Misnomer.

It is becoming daily more dangerous to refer to "the weaker sex" on account of the increasing doubt in the reader's mind which sex is meant.—London Saturday Review.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another.

JAMES F. BUNDY, ATTORNEY.

Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Holding Probate Court.

Estate of Charles Blackstone, deceased, No. 18,123.

Application having been made herein for probate of the last will and testament of said deceased, and for letters testamentary on said estate, by William A. Taylor, it is ordered this 11th day of July, A. D., 1911, that Matilda Blackstone, John Blackstone, Mary Blackstone,

and all others concerned, appear Oscar Blackstone and William Blackin said Court on Monday, the 21st day of August, A. D., 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m., to show cause why such application should not be granted. Let notice hereof be published in the Washington Law Reporter and The Washington Bee once in each of three successive weeks before the return day herein mentioned—the first publication to be not less than thirty days before said return date.

THOS. H. ANDERSON,
Justice.

Attest:
JAMES TANNER,
Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.
JAMES F. BUNDY,
Attorney.

L. MELENDEZ KING, ATTORNEY

Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Holding Probate Court.

No. 18222, Administration

This is to Give Notice:

That the subscriber, of the District of Columbia has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, letters of administration on the estate of John Scott, late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 19th day of July, A.D., 1912; otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 19th day of July, 1911
Lizzie Scott Jones, 498 K st., S. W.

Attest: JAMES TANNER
Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, clerk of Probate court.

JONES & WARING ATTORNEYS

In the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia

Edmonia Baker vs James Baker, Clara Berton Co-

No. 30184, Equity Doc. 66

The object of this suit is to obtain a divorce from the bonds of matrimony between Edmonia Bakes and James Baker on the grounds of adultery. On motion of the complainant, it is this 14th day of July, 1911, ordered that the defendent James Baker and the Co-respondent, Clara Berton, cause their appearance to be entered herein on the fortieth day, exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays, occurring after the first publication of this order; otherwise the cause will be proceeded with as in case of default. Provided, a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks in the Washington Law Reporter, and the Washington Bee before said day.

THOS. H. ANDERSON, Justice

A True Copy. Test:
J. R. Young, Clerk
F. E. Cunningham, Asst. Clerk

Afue McDowell

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